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THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

I stood beside a public way,
Where men pass'd to and fro,
And there was a mound of fresh-turn'd clay,
And I ask'd who slept below :
And some among the crowd replied,
It was the grave of a suicide—
A wandering son of woe ;
But none could tell the stranger's name,
His sorrows, or from whence he came.

I gazed upon th' unhallow'd spot,
And thought what biting care,
What burning grief had been the lot
Of him who rested there ;
What clouds, dark-gathering day by day,
Had chased his light of hope away,
And left him to despair :
Till friendless, homeless, joyless, he
Plunged in thy gulf—Eternity !

"Twas his—that dark and chilling grief,
That winter of the mind,
When Hope drops off like the last green leaf
That is swept away by the wind ;
And the heart is left like a blighted tree,
A ruin and a mockery ;
And all that once had twined
In fondness round it, shrinks away,
And leaves it to its lone decay !

And was there none to drop the tear,
And none to heave the sigh—
No faithful spirit lingering near
To look its last "good-bye" ?
Alas ! not one—unwept, unknown,
The cold earth o'er his corse was thrown,
Without one moistened eye :
No wail was utter'd—no prayer was said,
For the stranger who sleeps in that lowly bed.

THE WANDERER.

FLOAT on, float on, thou lonely bark,
Across the weary brine ;
I know not why I load thee with
Such cheerless freight as mine.

I know not why I wander forth,
Nor what I wish to see ;
For Hope, the child of Morn and Mist,
Has long been veiled from me.

Little reck I for ruined towers—
They may be very fair—
Let post or let painter rave,
I see but ruin there.

I think upon the waste above,
And on the dead below :
I see but human vanity—
I see but human woe.

And cities in their hour of pomp,
The peopled and the proud—
What are they ? mighty sepulchres
To gulf a wretched crowd :

Where wealth and want are both accurst,
Each one the worst to bear ;

Where every heart and house are barred
With the same sordid care.

And fairer scenes—the vine-wreathed hill,
A gold and ruby mine,
Grapes, nature's jewels, richly wrought
Around the autumn's shrine ;

The corn-field's fairy armory,
Where every lance is gold,
And poppies fling upon the wind
Their banner's crimson gold :

The moon, sweet shadow of the sun,
On the lake's tranquil breast,—
Too much these gentle scenes contrast
My spirit's own unrest.

And I must be what I have been,
And not what I am now,
Ere these could call a smile, or chase
One shadow from my brow.

I must lay in some nameless sea
The ghosts of hopes long fled ;
Efface dark memory's scroll and leave
A shining page instead.

I must forget youth's bloom is fled,
Ere its own measured hours :
I must forget that summer dies,
Even amid its flowers.

And give me more than pleasure's task—
Belief that they can be ;
Then every spreading sail were slow
To bear me on the sea.

But now I care not for their course ;
Wherever I may roam,
I bear about the weariness
That haunted me at home.

I may see all around me changed,
Beneath a foreign sky ;
I may fly scenes, and friends, and foes—
Myself I cannot fly.

THE PRISON.

WERE you ever in a prison?—the gentleman-reader perhaps answers, that he once sojourned for a few weeks—possibly months—in the King's Bench, and asserts, with the most elegant oath, that he would not desire better fare; while the lady who does us the honour of glancing at our pages through a quizzing-glass, gets up a becoming shudder as the question brings to her recollection some jumbled associations, of dungeon-keeps and cells of the Inquisition, and declares that although she never had the pleasure of being in a real prison, yet the scene is as familiar to her as an opera-box, or a pew at St. George's. Neither the lady nor the gentleman (begging the pardon of each) knows anything about the matter. This is no question of architecture. The lightest Grecian or the heaviest Gothic has here the same effect; we care not whether its arches be circular or pointed—whether its pillars stand frowning in the naked severity of the Tuscan, or smiling in the maidenly slightness and elegance of the Corinthian proportions; it is still a prison. It is the temple of guilt, where human sacrifices are continually offered up, sometimes to the vengeance of outraged nature, and sometimes to the hellish Moloch of human institution—law. There is a moral atmosphere about it, in the chillness of which the cold damps that hang upon the walls of its sunless passages and airless cells have no part. Bring a savage direct from one of the most distant and unknown isles of the Indian ocean; place him suddenly within the threshold we have just now entered, and he will

feel that he is in a prison before he has learnt to pronounce the name. The mind has its senses as well as the body; and the same savage, who would be delighted with the perfume of the rose, although to him an unknown flower, would be shocked unconsciously by the deadly exhalations from this moral charnel-house.

A female figure of the most feminine and delicate proportions, has entered before us; she is alone. Her cheek is pale, but her manner and motions are calm and collected; she has inquired for some person, and a turnkey is conducting her to the cell. Her dress is of white muslin; a shawl-handkerchief of some light colour is tied loosely about her neck, and a white veil hangs over a white satin bonnet. It is strange that the very colour of her habiliments should attract us so strongly; but here it seems to be so much out of keeping—so inconsistent with the genius of the place: one would think the visitors of a prison should be dressed in black! She has reached her destination, and the turnkey unlocks the door of the condemned cell. Here, for the first time, she pauses, a shudder runs through her frame, and her cheek becomes even paler than it was: but this weakness is not of long duration; not a tinge of colour, indeed, revisits her countenance, but she raises up her attenuated figure, which appeared for an instant to have shrunk, as it were into itself; her step regains its elasticity; her eye the deep tranquillity of female devotedness, and she glides with a soft but steady pace into the cell. The prisoner, who was reclining on

a pallet, raised himself on his elbow at this unwonted apparition, seen with a shadowy indistinctness through the gloom of the dungeon; an expression of surprise and incredulity wandered over his features, and he passed his hand across his eyes as if to drive away some phantom of the imagination. In another moment, however, a flash of joyful conviction lighted up his eyes, and he stretched out his arms to receive—but this was instantaneously succeeded by a start of terrible recollection, and he threw himself down on his hard bed, and buried his face in the pillow. His visitor sat down on a low stool by the bedside, and bent over him with the caution and tenderness of a mother at the couch of her sick child. After a few smothered sobs, a few convulsive heavings of his chest, it seemed that the efforts of manly pride had subdued the rebellious movements of nature, and the prisoner lay as mute and motionless as the dead.

There is something at once repulsive and affecting in this violent exhibition of suffering and weakness in a man; and the female, during its continuance, hung over him with as much horror as pity in her expression. But when it was ended, she felt among the rustling straw for his hand, and with a gentle force undid its cold and rigid clasp, and twined her slender fingers round his; then blending down her head to his face, whispered with a low and earnest sweetness, “Henry—it is—your own Emily!”

The trial had taken place only the day before, which in its result had numbered Henry with the dead. While his fate had been uncertain, Emily forbore to visit him: indeed, to have done so, mixed up as her name had been with the proceedings, in its connexion with the quarrel in the inn, would have required a species of nerve which she did not possess. Besides, it never once occurred to her that the trial would have ended as it did: her fancy represented him as the temporary victim of an

unjust persecution, which in its result would only have the effect of restoring him to his friends and to society with a name brightened rather than blackened by the fiery ordeal through which it had passed. But when all was over—when he had been publicly and solemnly arraigned at the bar of his country, on a charge the foulest and the darkest in the catalogue of human crimes, when, after a minute and dispassionate investigation, he had been found guilty of *murder*—committed, not in the temporary insanity of passion, but some time after the dispute which had roused the demon within him had taken place, after the forbearance of his rival had afforded him an interval of solitary reflection; and when he had been condemned, by the law of God as well as of man, to expiate the crime by an ignominious death—what then? Why, then the shackles of society were broken in twain; and as the nicest modesty will not avert her eyes from the death-bed even of a lover, so Emily thought her fame could sustain no injury from her seeking Henry even in his solitary cell, to gleam beside him for a season, like a taper in the gloom of his dungeon.

But, a murderer? Yes;—it is a vulgar saying, but a true one, and as deep as it is true, that love is blind. It makes no nice distinctions; it does not cavil about appearances—or reality. We would liken it to that ring on your finger, which many a long year ago you prized at something more than life, and which now you prize at scarcely anything less. It was a gift—a token—valued in its association with the giver, or the circumstances under which it was given. Time rolled on; its lustre became dim; its pearls have now dropt out, one by one, and its original beauty has vanished like a dream:—yet you still value it for itself, and your eye is unable to detect its deformity. Just such is the love of woman—that precious trinklet of the female heart. No matter what has introduced it, whether

Accident, blind contact, or the strong
Necessity of living—

there it lives and grows; years roll on, and bring with them grief and folly and crime, to blacken and distort it—but the image of her lonely worship, though to a dispassionate eye divested of every charm, is to her the same. Emily, in fact, never asked the question of her heart—singular though it may appear, it had never once occurred to her to inquire

whether it was possible that Henry could be a murderer. We know not whether the beautiful lines of a contemporary poet suggested themselves to her recollection, while she sat by the straw pallet of her lover, but it is certain that she at least felt, if she did not say

“I know not, I ask not, what guilt's in thine
heart,
I but know I must love thee, whatever thou
art.”

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.—NO. III.*

THREE were not wanting, among the silver-laden dragoons and fur-capped hussars, who now flitted like the *dramatis persona* of some warlike pantomime before the eyes of the secluded novice, several who aspired to her heart or her fortune; but, satisfied that not one of them could for a moment, in his individual capacity, enter into competition with William Sydenham, Emily was not aware how much a general predilection for the military character was stealing over her mind, or how often she sighed to think that her lover had not followed the gallant footsteps of their respective parents. His letters, excellent as they were, seemed like those which Fancy has feigned, from the Dead to the Living, so completely estranged were they from the topics which here engrossed every heart and tongue. William wrote with exultation of increasing clients, and with triumph of successful causes; while Emily's whole soul was wrapped up in the chances of war, the hair-breadth escapes of individuals known to all around her, the fall of fortresses, or the shock of mighty armies. To have had her lover engaged in these spirit-stirring scenes, she even thought she could have cheerfully borne the anxieties on his account which she was now spared; and she half envied every soldier's wife the feverish excitement with

which she snatched up the eventful Gazette.

Her early existence had been so sober, so unvaried, so destitute of vicissitudes, that these were now felt to be delightful; and sometimes her spirits sunk at the idea of a long life passed between Lincoln's-Inn-fields and a villa near London. Let no one blame poor Emily for not sooner discovering what it was impossible for her to have known; let her rather have credit for the uniform self-reproach with which she combated these lately-born feelings, and flew for their suppression to the letters and reminiscences of her friends at Lyndhurst.

The summer passed amid all the gay bustle of parades and reviews, “the pomp and circumstance of war,” without its dangers or its horrors, and therefore precisely the most seductive form in which it can be exhibited to the young and thoughtless; the eye dazzled with bright helms and waving plumes, the ear by turns soothed and exhilarated by martial music, and the mind kept in pleasurable excitement by all the gorgeous accompaniments of a proud and fascinating profession. Hitherto, the effect of all this on Emily's mind was of a vague and indefinite character; much present enjoyment, occasional regrets and misgivings, with the natural disposition of youth

* No. III. concluded from page 418.

to embellish, or get rid of the future.

Towards the autumn, however, Mrs. Fortescue, imagining (from two or three tacit refusals which she had seen her niece inflict on presumptuous youths who had ventured to address her unsupported by her paramount influence) that Geoffry had only to transform his blockade into a storm to be more successful, resolved to pave his way by a previous attack, and, for the first time, explicitly declared to Emily how much the General and herself desired the alliance. Thus seriously addressed, Emily was surprised out of her reserve, (which she had long felt to be somewhat disingenuous to such kind relatives,) and at once acknowledged her engagement, pleading the hitherto unobtained consent of the Admiral, and his parting injunctions, which had alone sealed her lips on the subject. Mrs. Fortescue's astonishment knew no bounds ; but she was too able a tactician to betray all she felt, still less to set herself in direct opposition to sentiments of so long standing. Some half-suppressed exclamations, such as "Childish folly!"—"A clear take in!"—Designing sisters!"—"Skilful manœuvres!"—above all, the contemptuous epithet, "Pettifogger!" applied to her intended, would, she imagined, have the more weight, as seeming to be wrung from her by irrepressible surprise. Winding up the climax by affected pity for her poor ill-used son, she left her niece, hardly knowing whether to be glad that the discovery was over, or sorry to feel herself still further pledged to a course of life, which needed not to have its drawbacks thus cruelly set before her by another.

Of this Mrs. Fortescue had some suspicion, and truly loath to relinquish a prize which she saw her puppy son had neither energy nor merit to carry off from his unshowy rival, she immediately wrote for Granville, her eldest and favourite son, who had long talked of being in the North to shoot, and who, she thought, might perhaps find his cousin Emily, with

only twenty thousand pounds, but uncommon beauty, sweetness, and unexpensive habits, a better bargain than his Lombard Street Atalanta, who, with neither beauty nor accomplishments, only painted for a passport to the gay world, to be foremost in its race of folly and profusion.

Granville was by no means unwilling to enter into his mother's views. He was, at four-and-thirty, rather tired of being what is called a fine man about town, (of moving with his battalion from Windsor to the Tower,) of dining every day at the same tables, of going every evening to the same parties, or hearing the same opera, or losing his money at the same club-houses—and, what was worse, of seeing some don's ugly face in the morning, or some younger puppy's handsome one in the evening, occupying his place at the elbow of the reigning arbitress of fashion. He had been an *exclusive* too long not to tire of even that glorious character—even the perpetual presidency of Almack's (had that institution then existed and been conducted on less anti-*Salique* principles,) would have lost its charms for one whose condition we must happily speak French to express in one word,—that expressive, exotic, un-English word, *blasé*. Man delighted him not, nor woman either, at least as they were to be found in London, and he set out in the ever-delightful society of his dogs, to kill time and partridges in Northumberland. The conquest of his *petite cousine* he had no objection to as a *passe-tems*—but only feared it would not present sufficient difficulty to enable him to go through with it. His wary mother feared to mention the previous engagement, lest her haughty son should disdain to enter the lists with so ignoble an adversary. She only hinted that there was an entanglement, that there had been refusals, that even Geoffry had failed to make an impression, though she was sure he had but to "come, see, and conquer."

Description, (of human beings especially) is in this reading age a work

equally tedious and superfluous, considering that there is no modification of the species which has not already been ten thousand times delineated on paper to the mind's eye, or rendered familiar to that of the body during the course of a reasonably long life. You have only, therefore, dear reader, to invest the handsomest young man of your actual acquaintance with all the united fascinations of the Colonels of romance, the Harvilles, the Delmours, and other *aimable rôles* of modern fiction, to have before you the identical Granville Fortescue now placed in formidable, and it might be supposed, triumphant competition with the plain, sober, unprepossessing William Sydenham.

The comparison would have been sufficiently trying had it been left to memory alone; but William's ill fortune sent him on the Northern Circuit, and love conquered shyness, and brought him an unexpected guest to Marley, a week or two after the ineffable guardsman had made his debut there, like a comet from another system, eclipsing, or rather utterly extinguishing, all the minor luminaries of the provincial horizon.

Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Sydenham, professionally in the neighbourhood, should call on his father's ward; nothing more indispensable than that he should be asked to spend the day, which, his business being over, he could cheerfully agree to do. But nothing could be more unfortunate than its being one of the public days at Marley, when troops of gay officers crowded the table, and engrossed the whole conversation, showing by their looks and manners how much they considered the quiet civilian an interloper in their circle. Under these discouragements, little used as he was to general society, and utterly unaccustomed to mix with military men, William's shyness increased—he shrunk into his shell, and made Emily, without once forfeiting her allegiance to his nobler qualities, for the first time, fully sensible of his exterior defi-

cies. She had sat by him, in defiance of the frowns of her aunt, the sneers of her cousin Geoffrey, and the supercilious bow with which Granville made way when he found himself anticipated in handing her, as he had lately done, to the table.

She tried to talk as usual of Lyndhurst, and Dora, and Alice—but it was hard work. Many eyes were upon them; some sharpened by jealousy, some flashing contempt, some twinkling with suppressed satire; it was altogether truly uncomfortable. When the servants had retired, and conversation became more audible, it was worse still; for the General out of well-meant civility, overwhelmed him with military topics, to which of course, he was a perfect stranger; while the malicious Granville, affecting to come to his relief, shifted the ground to anecdotes of the gay world in London, where he shrewdly suspected the modest young lawyer would be at least as much *hors de combat*. William at first looked somewhat foolish, but he was no fool, and there was that in his eye which made the Colonels seek after game.

No sooner had Emily escaped from the dining-room, than she took herself severely to task, for allowing herself to be influenced by deficiencies in fact and manner, in her estimate of one to whose essential good qualities she was no stranger. Had this indeed been the case; had she loved William one jot less, for the laughter of fools or the comparison with coxcombs, she would have been equally below either pity or contempt. But, alas! she had *never loved him at all*; and it was now, on first meeting him, as her accepted lover, that she began to suspect the dreadful truth, that she was about to sacrifice to childish rashness, the affectionate importunity of her playmates, and total ignorance of her own tastes and dispositions, the happiness of her future life. Granville Fortescue she neither loved, nor ever could love. She despised his frivolity, and disliked his *hautcur*: but he had ex-

hibited to her a style of manners, an explicable *je ne sait quoi*, which, when united (as she was sure it might somewhere be found) with a warm heart and amiable disposition, must ever form her *beau ideal* of human perfection. With such an impression on her mind, was she to unite herself to the very reverse, in character as well as manners? With an enthusiasm for everything gay, and gallant, and chivalrous, (inherited, perhaps, unconsciously from her father, and now developed by circumstances,) was she to plod through life, the cheerless partner of an ignoble existence, diversified by no vicissitudes save those of gain, and passed in unravelling the obscure mazes of chicanery?

There was, to all this, one brief, but to a mind of integrity, conclusive answer: "I have promised. The vow is registered in Heaven, if not on earth. Is the heart of one of the best of human beings to be trifled with or broken for a girlish whim? Can I fancy myself no longer the sister of Dora and Alice; no longer the second time adopted daughter of the dear Admiral? Oh, no! Then let me wipe away these idle, worse than idle tears, and meet William, as his father's son should be met."

Emily was a good, upright girl, and when once persuaded where her duty lay, seldom faltered in its path. She withdrew from the brilliant group into a window with her betrothed, and listened with deference, if not with delight, to his few hurried, but manly, words of confiding devotion. The Admiral's letter must have followed him to a distant station, and no answer could as yet have been received. By William it was evidently looked forward to with unmixed delight. Emily would have given worlds to feel as she had once done on the subject; but she was too sure of all it would contain not to dread its arrival. Poor thing! she was only one of many who have lived to find themselves

"Thus curs'd in every granted prayer!"

When William was gone, Emily was doomed to hear (in real or affected ignorance of her engagement) a chorus of animadversions on the professional prig, from those who were themselves too decidedly so, to tolerate technicality, in a different and less showy form. Granville said nothing, but he looked unutterable things—the softest compassion for a young creature thrown away so unworthily, mingled with more than insinuations that another might have been, nay, still was, a candidate for the prize. His practised eye had seen at a glance how matters stood; and that glance having supplied all the interest the pursuit previously wanted, he was henceforth piqued into a display of precisely those qualities most dangerous to his sober rival. His early laurels (for Granville had served his country, and bravely) were dexterously, though delicately, made to wave before the admirer of heroic deeds; his literary acquirements, superficial at best, were the more easily brought near the surface; above all, his conscious superiority, so conspicuous in his deportment to all others, was veiled in addressing her under a well-feigned humility, which only "stooped to conquer."

Emily was no coquette, but wiser and steadier heads have been turned by arts like these; and if they could not warp her judgment, or seduce her heart, they at least discovered to her the error into which that judgment had previously fallen, and the void which that heart still contained. The struggle became every day more cruel and painful. Every hour showed her more plainly that she was miserable. Did she love another? Would she have listened for a moment to Granville's specious addresses? No—and yet it was he who had taught her, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she did not love, never had loved, and never could love, one who did not in some degree resemble him. Still, though her cheek grew paler, and her spirits worse with each revolving day, she hesitated what course to pursue; whether to

lower herself for life in the opinions and affections of her early friends, by avowing the delusion from which she had awakened, or whether to consummate her sacrifice, and seek its reward in their continued friendship.

She might have remained undecided till her health sunk under the conflict, had not a letter from Dora, announced her own probable marriage, afforded her a sort of opening, by removing one of the chief charms with which the romantic fancy of youth had invested their future prospects. Dora, should this marriage take place, (with a young man about to return for many years to India,) could now no longer realize the fond scheme of living all together, which had seemed to the innocent girls so easy and natural; nay, should the Admiral (as was reported) assume a command on the East Indian station, it was more than probable that Alice would accompany her sister from mingled motives of duty and affection. This was a death-blow to the visions of perpetual union, which nursery ignorance could alone have devised; but it was not till Dora and Alice were removed from the canvass, that poor Emily became aware how prominent *their* dear figures had always been in the glowing picture, which seemed now to fade into monumental gloom.

Here, however, began a fresh conflict. When thus deprived, and perhaps for life, of his beloved sisters, was this the time to abandon the already forlorn brother? Would it not seem selfish, base, and ungenerous? She was pierced to the heart by Dora's innocent regrets (even amid her own bridal prospects) at the dissolution of their baseless fabric of childish felicity; and still more by her confidence in the affection which was to console "Dear William" under such unforeseen bereavements. Yet the guileless effusions of ardent attachment, to which a few weeks had sufficed to give birth between Dora and a thoroughly congenial object might well startle one in whom years of engagement (for acquaintance it

could not be called) had failed to awaken corresponding emotions.

It was at this crisis that, mistaking the feelings which wasted her bloom, and preyed on her spirits, Granville Fortescue screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and found it convenient, before returning to town for the winter, to secure his little cousin's thousands. It was with all the glow of an indignant sacrifice to the prior claims and far more estimable character of William, that Emily refused his insinuating rival. But she gathered from this very rejection, strength and courage to communicate to Sydenham a change of sentiment which no unworthy partiality for another had dictated, though the fascinations of that other, and the pang she experienced in resisting them, might perhaps have unconsciously opened her eyes to it.

Soon made painfully sensible that, after her rejection of both her cousins, her uncle's house was no desirable residence, poor Emily sought an asylum from her old governess at Beechy Grove; and found it doubly cruel to sit down in that well-known spot, to dispel many a bright and long cherished illusion, and overturn, by an act of deliberate honesty, all the projects to which her youthful rashness had given birth.

Her letter had all the eloquence of truth, and the hemility of guilt. She assured Mr. Sydenham of her unabated esteem and unalterable gratitude; deplored the fatal ignorance of the world and of her own heart, which had induced her to mistake regard and friendship for a warmer sentiment; expressed her conviction that the present painful step was the only one which could extricate both from future misery; and concluded by throwing herself on his generosity and candour, for pardon of an involuntary offence.

This letter, twenty times written, and blotted with a thousand tears, was hardly gone, when a packet from the Admiral followed her, forwarded from the North. It contained successive letters, written at different

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periods, though accidentally brought by the same ship. The first in order contained, as Emily dreaded, that solemn and paternal sanction to her union with his son, which made the step which she had just taken towards dissolving it, appear almost sacrilegious. It, however, recommended continued secrecy, and forbade further measures till his own return, or her majority. This, as implying a possibility of change in the sentiments of either, was a sort of relief.

The next letter she took up was dated some months later, and the trembling characters were so unlike her guardian's usually firm and accurate hand, that nothing but severe illness could account for the change. It spoke, indeed, of long and almost mortal sickness, which had brought the gallant sailor well nigh to the grave; and amid the weakness of body and mind which it left, the pride and punctilio of a guardian had been absorbed in the anxiety and feelings of a parent. He spoke despondingly of ever again reaching England—regretted having yielded to the dutiful request of his daughters to be allowed to advance their small patrimony to furnish the required premium for their brother's admission to partnership; and with his usual ingenuous frankness, owned the consolation he derived from the certainty that his son's approaching marriage would enable him to replace without inconvenience the portion his orphan sisters might so soon require. "I can make little addition to this bequest of their poor mother's," said the brave but improvident sailor in conclusion; "but I bless Heaven that they will not be altogether portionless, if some honest fellow should take a fancy to them—and if not, that they will ever have a home with their richer sister Emily."—

What would Emily now have given to recall her fatal epistle! A life of the utmost privation and self-denial would have seemed too light a sacrifice to requite the goodness and cheer the decline of her paternal friend—

and a marriage, which, in addition to all it had *once* seemed to promise, would contribute to the felicity of Dora, and remove the anxieties of her father, became again not only tolerable, but desirable. Here again was bitter subject of regret that the primitive simplicity in which Emily had been educated, had entirely prevented her from attaching importance to her fortune, or appreciating the influence it might have on the prospects of her lover and his family. Till she went to her uncle's, she had scarcely known her superiority in that respect over Dora and Alice; and even after she learned that she had thousands to bestow, she trusted too implicitly in William's well-remembered (though at the time hardly understood) protestations, that they had never influenced his choice, to reflect that while thus generously and sincerely disregarded, they might nevertheless be eminently useful. The thought that by her own *second* rashness (and yet, Heaven knew, months had been employed in painful deliberation) she had probably deprived herself of all power to befriend him whose interests were so lately identified with her own—that difficulties about Dora's portion might obstruct her union with one little richer than herself, and still under the control of a harsh mercenary father—above all, that just pride and resentment would perhaps deny her all share in removing, nay, even all right to deplore these fatal and wholly unforeseen contingencies, drove her almost to distraction; and her first impulse was to go to Lyndhurst, throw herself into the arms, or at the feet of her friends, and implore to be permitted still to keep her engagement, or if that could not be, at least to share her useless hateful wealth with them.

Shame, timidity, and, above all, severe illusss, the natural consequence of such tumultuous feelings, combined to put this personal appeal, (which, with ingenuous and long partial friends would perhaps have been irresistible) out of her power; and

Emily could only write a few hurried incoherent lines to her beloved Dora, entreating her to suspend all censures, and consider her still as a friend and sister, till she could prove it otherwise than in words, when fever and delirium which her already harassed frame could ill bear, saved her for a while all consciousness of the effects of her late conduct.

When William Sydenham (whose own steady unimaginative character and tranquillizing pursuits made him as slow in suspecting as in comprehending the variations to which more flexible dispositions are fatally liable) received the letter, by which Emily appeared to him to have passed at once from reciprocal affection and plighted troth, to callous indifference and faithless levity, his first emotions were certainly those of indignant surprise. His resentment, like that of most persons of his disposition, was formidable in proportion to its rarity, and permanent in proportion to the difficulty with which it was excited. This was manifest (to one well acquainted with his *style* at least, if not with himself) through all the measured dignity of his cold reply, in which regret that the delusion should have lasted so long, and a prompt relinquishment of his own claims, were all his first irritation would permit him to express.

He had, in truth, sustained a shock of no ordinary nature. To be jilted, (and resentment whispered in behalf of a rival,) after a tacit engagement of three years, and a solemnly ratified one of above a twelvemonth's standing, was of itself no small trial to the philosophy of two-and-twenty; but William was never selfish, and the blight of his own prospects was forgotten in the probable effect of his disappointment on those of Dora. The declining health of the Admiral made the establishment of one of his daughters doubly desirable; and that which now offered for Dora, in the person of young Courtney, a distant cousin of her own, was every way unexceptionable. He had been home on leave from India, where a situ-

tion of certain emolument awaited his return, but his present means were wholly dependent on his father, who, by no means friendly to the match, chiefly consented to it, on the understanding that he was not to be applied to for the outfit and equipment of the young couple, or their conveyance to the place of their destination.

Not only was the impossibility of raising Dora's small portion during the very limited time the young man could remain in England, of itself an evil, but the circumstance of its having been necessarily advanced to forward the views of her brother, threw such a new and unfavourable light on the finances of the Admiral, as wholly indisposed old Courtney to sanction the alliance, and made him absolutely insist on his son's deferring it till matters should be satisfactorily settled. In vain did William move heaven and earth, and offer to raise the money, on any terms; in vain did the young man represent that his honour was pledged and his affections irrevocably engaged; the old father (who hoped, by gaining time, to prevent the match entirely) was obdurate, and threatened to disinherit him if he persisted.

In vain then did his son, with all the importunity of youthful passion, urge his beloved still to accompany him as his bride, or at least to lessen by a private union his parting anxieties; his father had a large disposable fortune, of which Dora dreaded, by rash compliance, to deprive him she loved, and, fortified by the prudent counsels and strong principles of Alice, she let him depart, though with a presentiment of evil lurking in her gay innocent heart, to which it had ever before been a stranger.

All this happened while Emily was lying unconscious on a sick-bed. Her repentant billet had followed so quickly on the shock her letter had inflicted, that the first flush of resentment had not subsided, and (unaware of the pathetic communications from the Admiral, by which it had been dictated) they saw in it only a fresh proof

of levity, or an effusion of idle regret for what was voluntary and past recall. It cost Alice an unutterable pang, and Dora a flood of bitter tears, to banish from their hearts one who had so long held a sister's place there ; but it was "Dear William" who had been ill used and forsaken, and had it even been in Emily's power (under age as she was) to remove their difficulties, they would certainly, in their present mood, have died rather than owe her an obligation.

Indeed, amid the clouds which now gathered, with concentrated gloom around this lately happy family (deepened, as they soon were, by accounts of the Admiral's death on a far distant shore,) its sad members soon learned to think of Emily as of some delusive *ignis fatuus*, whose brightness had played across their path but to mislead and betray them. William, shocked at the sordid selfishness of his partner, (who, not only, though rolling in wealth, declined coming forward to remove their late difficulties, but now that Emily's fortune was no longer in prospect, treated his active young coadjutor somewhat cavalierly) resolved, in honest indignation, to withdraw from the concern ; and was consequently involved, at this critical period, in the inevitable struggles and anxieties of a commencing business. The lease of Lyndhurst expired with the Admiral, and his daughters had now no home but their brother's necessarily humble abode, in a dull street in Westminster, where there was little to wean their thoughts from past or future misfortunes. The Admiral's funds had proved little more than sufficient to furnish and set a-going the frugal establishment ; and when William, by dint of unremitting attention and hourly fagging, could just keep it above water, the idea of how different, but for female instability, all might now have been, made Dora and Alice sometimes blush for their sex.

These were not circumstances favourable to pardon and reconcilia-

tion ; and yet, in minds originally amiable and indelibly attached, the soft voice of Christian charity finds ready access, whenever the clamour of subsiding passion permits it to be heard. Chance informed the sisters that Emily (whom the hasty suggestions of resentment had pictured revelling in luxury, and listening to the flatteries of her military seducers) had been on the brink of the grave ! Had she descended to that bourne without forgiveness, at least from the trio, they could never have forgiven themselves.

A letter was written, more cutting in its kindness than the bitterest reproaches, devoting the past to merited oblivion, breathing benevolent wishes for the future, but wholly silent on the subject either of their present situation, or any renewed intercourse on this side the grave. It was not that they still cherished ill-founded resentment. They had long seen that Emily was more to be pitied than blamed ; that juvenile rashness in them all, and the irreparable want of maternal counsel, had been the origin of their mutual sufferings ; but still—"Dear William" had been rejected, and which which was perhaps most mortifying, apparently not for the sake of any specific rival ; and what could future intercourse (especially now that his roof sheltered them) lead to but pain ?

Thus, to bring a sad tale to a brief conclusion, did these once doating young people remain strangers to each other for upwards of a year and half; during which period, misfortune, in a fresh and more direful form, fell on the devoted heads of the Sydenhams. The young man to whom Dora was betrothed, died (of rapid and casual illness) on the voyage out ; but it would have been hard indeed to persuade her young and broken heart that his disappointment had no share in the event. *Hers* did its work silently but surely. She had never agreed with London ; and consumption found her an unresisting and already enfeebled prey. She went, at the entreaty of William,

to Clifton, not with the slightest hope or wish to live, but to spare him the added pain of her death-bed. Alice, of course, accompanied her; and the invalid was taking the air in a low wheeling chair, on a bright and balmy 10th of April, when a pang shot across her sick heart as she recollect- ed (on the date being casually men- tioned in her hearing) that it was Emily Fortescue's birthday, and that she must then be one and twenty!

She could not help thinking, not with envy, but with slight bitterness, of the heiress that day taking pos- session of the brilliant fortune which had cost them all so dear, when another of the humble vehicles, so com- mon at the wells, advanced in the opposite direction. Its occupant was evidently nearer dissolution than her- self, for she was supported in the arms of an attendant. The state of both alike forbade rapid movement; they slowly met—there was ample leisure to discover that the dying in- valid was Emily Fortescue, and that she would not long survive the 10th of April.

What a sight for the warm heart and still ardent affection of poor Dora! She sprung, unmindful of her weakness, from the carriage, and clasped in her arms the soon uncon- scious object of her early love. When she slowly recovered, what floods of tears were shed by both the youthful pilgrims thus meeting on the thresh- old of mortality! How different from those they had often shed to- gether over some well-wrought tale of fiction! But, on the whole, how purifying, how soothing, how consola- tory! It was a trying scene for the by-standers, for poor Alice especial- ly, who felt, that to live on in a world so soon to become a blank by their removal, was her allotted, and there- fore, no doubt, merciful portion. When it became necessary for her to separate them, it could only be done by promising to reunite them for the remainder of their short lives, as soon as a night's rest should enable them to bear the meeting.

To Dora this rencontre seemed to

have supplied a fresh principle of life and delusive strength, to watch over the being who had remotely caused her own dissolution. She was on the morrow another creature, with a cheek more blooming, and an eye yet more bright—while poor Emily, evidently weaker, yet greatly com- posed, received her with tearful joy, and seemed to prefer her attentions all others.

“We are to be together, after all, my Emily!” whispered Dora, softly. “We erringly fancied it was to be on earth, but let us humbly hope it will now be in heaven!”—“There is one on earth whom I must see, my Dora, before I can pray with confi- dence for my release from mortal conflict. Till I have William's for- giveness, I cannot banish this world from my mind, as my few numbered days so solemnly warn me to do. Write for him, Alice—and you may seal it,” added she, in an almost in- audible whisper—“with his favour- ite motto, ‘*Je ne change qu'en mou- rant*,’—like many a foolish caged bird, my liberty has cost me my life.”

William Sydenham came—and as he hung over her couch with frater- nal solicitude, Emily wondered she could ever have thought him cold or inanimate—and he wondered he could ever have believed her to be vain or selfish. Had they met now for the first time, how different might have been their estimate of each other!—but the past was irrevocable, and regrets fruitless.

“Next time you come down, Wil- liam,” whispered she, as he reluc- tantly tore himself away to return to his profession, “you will lay my head in the grave: you cannot refuse this to your father's orphan ward. Dora will not be long behind; and you must lay us together, for we were like in our character and our for- tunes, and have never known peace since we parted.”

A month had scarce elapsed, ere William was called upon to put into one grave those who had been “lovel- y in their lives, and in their deaths not long divided.” On opening Em-

ily's will, written soon after dispatching her memorable letter, and ratified by her trembling hand on the 10th of April, which made her twenty-one, the bulk of her fortune, after ample legacies to Dora and Alice, was left to William Sydenham, with this strange proviso, (dictated by her natural fear lest pride should make him frustrate her intentions,) that if

he declined to accept the bequest, it should go to swell the hoards of the cruel avaricious Mr. Courtney, the intended father-in-law and murderer of Dora. This left no alternative; but twenty years have since elapsed, and Mr. Sydenham, high in his profession, and surrounded by untasted affluence, is still a BACHELOR.

THE ROBBER SPATOLINO.*

AFTER Spatolino's recent terrible act of vengeance, General Miollis was more than ever anxious for the destruction of Spatolino and his companions. They were daily increasing in number, and, by the influence of money, Spatolino was obtaining friends in Rome itself. General Miollis increased the sum offered for the capture of Spatolino, and ordered that his parents should be arrested, conducted to Fort St. Angelo, and their house plundered, which was supposed to contain no little wealth, their son having sent them at various times large sums of money. Spatolino now removed, with his wife and band, to the maritime country. He related to them the treachery of Menghini and his deed of vengeance. Knowing the Government of Rome would adopt the most active measures to get him into their power, he urged their being cautious, as he had proved how great would be his revenge on those who should endeavour to betray him. He maintained in Rome a number of spies, who gave him intelligence of all that occurred; and, considering it a duty, they forwarded to him the new decree of Miollis against him, and the intended seizure of his parents with their property. Not intimidated by this news, he endeavored to be beforehand, and avenge himself on those who were proceeding to fulfil the General's orders. Taking with him four of his asso-

ciates, he went to Frosinone, where his parents resided, leaving his four companions in the vicinity until he returned to them with his parents, their relations, and all the property he could carry. Previous to leaving the house, he distributed in every apartment a quantity of ox, goat, and buffalo horns, that when the French detachment arrived, he might laugh at the idea of the plunder they so little expected to find. His parents were received at his camp by his wife with great regard, and removing them immediately to a place of safety, he with his band awaited on the road of Frosinone the return of the detachment, which he deemed by this time had taken possession of the horns. The most distinguished talent of Spatolino was that of choosing his ground when he made an attack. He was well advised as to the number of troops on the expedition, which being numerous, he determined to act by stratagem. He ordered many of his associates to leave Frosinone during the day (that they might be by Government, who had continual spies upon them, supposed elsewhere) and in the night to return with the greatest promptness to where they had left him. Fortune again smiled on the operations of Spatolino; but it was owing to his skill and penetration in foreseeing every thing, and neglecting nothing to secure success.

The associates of Spatolino return-

ing at night, after having retired into the interior of the country, and Spatolino being informed of the French detachment marching towards Frosinone, without any suspicion, believing the brigands to be in an opposite direction, he allowed them to attack the house, which they could not immediately enter, as he had secured the entrance-door by many large staples. He had made his parents, when escaping, leave the house by a private door at the back, and leap the garden wall. The French, supposing the inhabitants concealed within, commenced forcing an entrance with all possible haste. The rage and humiliation of the French officer, conjointly with his men, on finding the house abandoned, and every apartment strewed with horns, after so much fatigue and precaution, is beyond description ; but, notwithstanding his fury, the people of Frosinone, who had assembled together to witness this expedition, could not refrain from laughing and scoffing on discovering the jest. The officer, suspecting Spatolino and some of his associates to be in the neighborhood, determined on remaining at Frosinone that night. The detachment being formed of twenty men on horseback, and twenty-four on foot, the officer caused the latter to march in the centre of the cavalry ; he reviewed them all previous to their departure, and directed the march to be effected in the order of firing. This arrangement produced a battle, in which Spatolino evinced his usual daring courage and knowledge of military art. He had hitherto ever been a conqueror, which made him more audacious in projecting any enterprise, however difficult. On the following morning Spatolino was informed by a spy that the detachment had taken precautions, and was in search of him ; he immediately made such preparations as were necessary, although certain of not deriving any benefit by the attack, soldiers having no money ; but he wished to attain glory, and, by exterminating all Frenchmen, render a service to his

country. Urging his men to show their courage, by which they should prove to the French army and the Papal Government how little they required foreign troops, and placing them in divers places, in order to inclose the detachment, he gave orders not to fire until the greater part had passed. Taking his own station in a more open place to animate his men, and that he might not be viewed as a coward (it being the tactic of all good commanders in battle to afford a brave example, by occupying the exposed posts), when the detachment reached the place Spatolino had marked for the action, he gave orders to fire. The French, seeing themselves hemmed in on all sides, determined to sell their lives dearly, and endeavoured, by a return of fire, to open a passage for their flight ; but the brigands, having double-barrelled guns, answered them with a second discharge, which killed the whole corps, excepting two, who were slightly wounded. Spatolino lost three men. Happy in the idea of having taken two Frenchmen alive, he conducted them to his camp, assuring them that they should not be killed, and promising them money, at the same time dressing their wounds himself. After time given for their recovery, he ordered all his band to mount their horses, causing them to lead by the bridles the horses taken from the enemy, laden with the spoil. His cousin carried a long staff, upon which was placed the head of the French commandant, with his helmet on, that it might be known as the head of an officer ; and the two prisoners walked in the midst, in chains ; Spatolino assuring them that after these formalities he would send them to Rome. When all was arranged, he placed himself at their head, and they marched in triumph towards Frosinone, where the inhabitants, who were enemies to the French, came to meet them, crying, " Long life to Spatolino, and death to the tyrants ! " Spatolino, proud of the victory he had achieved, passed through Frosinone, returning

thanks to every individual who cheered him. Many invited him to their houses, but he would not trust himself to enter their dwellings, neither would he accept of any refreshment. He passed through the town, coming out at the other extremity, and proceeded to the mountains, to join his parents and wife. After having refreshed himself and associates, and relating to his parents and wife the particulars of the battle, he addressed the two French soldiers as follows:—"Your lives are in my hands, and I have every right to take them, it being certain that, if we had fallen into your hands, we should have been instantly shot or massacred, as my cousin was. It is my wish to kill every Frenchman, as usurpers of our rights, beginning with your generals and chief employer, who have come to Rome, and into the Papal states, without even the means of paying the expenses of their journey, with pride, equipages, servants, and a ridiculous affectation, which have increased the principal vices of our nation, instead of benefiting us, as they endeavour to prove. But I give you your lives, to fill up my vengeance by relating the celerity with which I destroyed your detachment, and my triumph afterwards, in the manner of the Roman emperors. Tell General Miollis, governor of Rome, and all your generals, they have been well punished for the injustice of arresting my parents, who were innocent of my offences. If they have power or courage who command formidable armies, they should direct their attacks against me, and inflict the death they have promised, instead of persecuting two old and innocent individuals, who have nothing to do with my crimes, as they call them; but I do not consider them any thing but natural retaliations, merited by usurpers trained to war, and laden with pillage, which they receive at the hands of peasants young in combat, and poor. I was informed of the injustice you were on the point of committing, and you have paid the forfeit. I now give

you your lives on condition that you follow my commands; otherwise, although I set you free, and present you with money, horses, arms, and other requisites, should I know you have acted in opposition to my wishes, I promise to trace you, even were you in the apartments of the Governor, and I will inflict upon you the most cruel torments. But I hope you will be my friends, and for that reason wish you to execute a more important commission for me:—tell General Miollis that, eight days hence, I require ten thousand scudi, and unless he send that sum to the Curate of Frosinone, I will exert my vengeance to a terrible degree on all the French, besides obtaining three times that sum, in fifteen days after that time, from the Government chests; whereas, should he grant my request, I pledge my word to allow him a truce of three months." Spatolino then caused the two captives to mount their horses, exhorting them at the same time to be exact as to his denunciations.

General Miollis had scarcely heard the detail of the two men when he became furious, swearing to have Spatolino in his power, even should it cost him a thousand men. He was, however, advised that by force he could not effect such a thing; it was better to send Spatolino the money he demanded, and, during the truce, endeavour by stratagem to get him into his power. The General considered it disgraceful to the French Government not to be able to suppress a band of brigands. Having already sacrificed many brave soldiers, and being aware of the populace disliking the Government, from a superstitious idea they had formed in considering them to have committed sacrilege by sending the Pope away, and that under every contingency they were bound to aid Spatolino rather than the Governor, the latter, was apprehensive that a counter revolution might break out. Having weighed all these considerations, he determined on remitting Spatolino the money, under stipulation that he

would observe his pledge, and sent it to the Curate of Frosinone, with a letter, specifying the above agreement.

Spatolino, on receiving it, answered "that he was ready to keep his word as long as the Government would allow him and his band to be quiet in their residence. I am a bandit, at least they call me so, but when I pledge my word of honour, I stick to it more than the Emperor Napoleon." And without even thanking the Curate, he returned to the mountains to amuse himself in the bosom of his family. After some little time, General Miollis caused a letter to be sent to Spatolino, in which he extolled his courage, granted him a pardon for his past crimes, (knowing him to have committed them from love to his sovereign,) and promised him, if he would surrender, a situation in the corps of gens-d'armes, with very handsome pay, and pardon, with a pension for all his men. Spatolino, at the expiration of two months, replied to General Miollis, "that he was very grateful to the French Government for their kind offer to him and his band; but, besides feeling more pleasure in commanding than in being commanded, he never could be faithful to the French Government, not approving of its manner of acting against his religion; and must therefore refuse all offers made to him on that subject. After the lapse of the three months' truce, he commenced his massacres in the most ferocious manner, having the madness to suppose he might deliver the Papal States from their oppressors, and bring back Pius VII. His band was increasing daily, and the Government sacrificed its troops without attaining any advantage. Nor is it possible to enumerate the murders they committed by the most cruel and barbarous means, and upon the most innocent persons, as their being French was sufficient crime in the eyes of Spatolino. General Miollis was more than ever enraged and ashamed at not being able to put down this band of brigands; and he

was receiving daily from Paris reproaches on the subject, which made him resolve on calling upon Angelo Rotoli, commissary of the police of Rome, an intelligent and active man, to whom the Government had more than once entrusted operations of the greatest relative importance, which he had always executed with honour and credit. The General, communicating to Rotoli his ideas for getting Spatolino into their power, consulted with him upon the most effective means; and, although Rotoli could perceive great difficulty in bringing an affair of such importance to a conclusion, he assured the General that no means should be left untried by him to insure success, even at the peril of his life, but he could not possibly be responsible as to the result. General Miollis offered Rotoli great rewards, but his ambition was to be useful to the French nation, and fulfil his duty like an honest man, incapable of being influenced by an offer of money. After some days' consideration, he informed the General, that, not caring about risk to his own life, he would himself go and speak to Spatolino. Rotoli then wrote a letter to Spatolino, in which he expressed a strong desire to speak with him about some affairs of great importance, professing himself ready to meet him alone, and without arms, wherever he chose to appoint; he farther assured him that he should have no reason to repent having placed his confidence in him. Spatolino, after a little reflection, decided upon receiving Rotoli in his camp. He wrote him a polite letter, saying he would expect him at his headquarters, promising that, although Rotoli had been employed under the French, he should meet with no molestation, as they considered him a true patriot, and attributed his serving the usurpers to the necessity of providing for his numerous family. Rotoli received this answer with pleasure, hoping from the circumstance of his being a Roman, that Spatolino would not fail to confide in him. Spatolino pointed out also

in his letter the road he was to take, and the place where he was to find an escort to conduct him to his camp. Rotoli set out on horseback, and at the place mentioned he found six men, who conducted him by an almost impracticable road to the place where Spatolino was residing, with his parents, his wife, and all his company. Spatolino rose, came forward to meet him, and kissed him. After many kind compliments, he requested Rotoli to be seated, and ordered wine and refreshments. "Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "I treat you like a friend and a countryman; we who are Romans should love like brothers, and leave compliments to the French." Rotoli was not backward in seconding this idea, nor in promising him eternal friendship. When they had finished their repast, Spatolino requested to know what was the object of Rotoli's visit, and if, as he had announced that he had an affair of importance to communicate, he should wish to speak with him alone. Rotoli having answered in the affirmative, at a look from Spatolino his followers instantly disappeared, all returning to their respective cabins. Rotoli then, taking Spatolino's hand, said, "I am commissioned by Government to make you a proposal, which, I trust, will be to your satisfaction. I am a Roman, you may confide in me, and I am certain that if you had a pardon and a good employment, you would accept it, if you were sure that you would be fairly dealt with."—"My dear Signor Rotoli, you talk to me of an employment, and you know that I abhor the Government."—"Very well, then," answered Rotoli, "I shall procure a good strong prison for you, your parents, your wife, and your cousin; as for your companions, to appease justice, I shall have them all hanged, there will else be a revolution; I promise you we shall not have them again sent to the gallies. You ought to be pleased with this arrangement, as you will otherwise surely end your days upon a gibbet. Your companions to ob-

tain their own pardon and a good sum of money, which has been set upon your head, will most certainly betray you. I advise you to confide in me; the French Government esteems you, admires you for your courage and attachment to your country; remember that you have still your parents and your wife, and if you were to be betrayed and taken, how would the Government treat them?" Spatolino understood that, sooner or later, he must put an end to his present kind of life; and had fewer objections to give himself up, as his hatred against the French had been somewhat appeased by the dreadful massacres he had committed. He thus answered Rotoli:—"If you speak honestly, and are my friend, I promise to do whatever you wish, provided you do what you have proposed. I will give up my men, upon the condition that they may be sent to the Fort of St. Angelo, without being obliged to work; that they remain there five years, and that the Government undertake, during this time, to give them all they require, and, at their liberation, a pension of at least three francs per day to each. I wish for myself and family a pension of a thousand francs a month, and a passport to go to the Levant immediately, as I do not wish to remain in a country infected by the presence of the French." Rotoli, seeing that Spatolino would willingly yield himself up, promised whatever he wished; always telling him that no changes should be made in what he had asked, nay, assuring him that he thought him very moderate in his demands. Rotoli having asked him where his men could be taken, he answered with vivacity, "Signor Rotoli, I am no traitor; I do this only because I am sure that my men (whom I love as I would my own children) will one day thank me for it; but if I could for a moment imagine that when they are in the hands of Government they may be judged as assassins, I would sooner tear out your heart, and afterwards General Miollis's". Rotoli hastened to as-

sure him of his fidelity. "Well, then," said Spatolino, "I place myself in your power; my happiness or misery depends on you. Come in a fortnight with thirty gens-d'armes, dressed like us, to the Valle dell'Oliveto; there I shall wait for you, and we will go together in the evening to a house where my men will be amusing themselves, as it is my birthday. We will there surprise them, and they will think our companions are the rest of the band in the kingdom of Naples, whom I shall pretend to have invited on purpose to celebrate the anniversary of my birth. For your recompence I will give you two thousand crowns, as I know you have a large family to maintain, if you will agree no longer to serve the French. I have treasures hidden here, of which no one is at present aware." Rotoli thanked him for his kindness, and conjured him again to confide in him. After having drunk and eaten, he took leave, and Spatolino ordered the same six men to reconduct him to the place where they had found him. As soon as Rotoli reached Rome, he went to General Miolis, and told him all that he had promised to Spatolino. The General hesitated about intrusting Rotoli with the gens-d'armes, thinking it impossible that a man as wily as Spatolino could let himself be thus deceived. Rotoli answered that "very often great men had been overreached in trifling affairs, after having shown themselves both acute and provident in transacting those of great importance." Sure, therefore, of the confidence Spatolino would repose in him, Rotoli made all necessary preparations. He found thirty determined gens-d'armes, to whom he gave good arms and dresses like those of the banditti. Rotoli dressed himself as before, and with his companions set out on the day appointed to the place of rendezvous. Spatolino did not make his appearance until nine o'clock at night, when Rotoli was beginning to think he had deceived him. He became re-assured when he saw Spatolino, and without any

fear of treachery advanced to meet him, took his hand, and wished him good-evening. "Pardon me, Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "if I have kept you waiting: I wished to have all my men together, but I found it impossible, as my cousin is gone with fourteen of them to surprise some civil officers, employed under the French, who are going in their carriages to Naples. They would not on any account consent to remain to celebrate my birthday, telling me they would do so more effectually by killing our enemies, than by remaining here to eat and drink. You cannot now take more than ten, who are with my wife, and my father and mother, upon the mountains."—"This is sufficient to show your good intentions," said Rotoli, "and Government will be satisfied; the others will not fail, without doubt, to follow your example."—"Are you sincere, Signor Rotoli?" said Spatolino; "my heart tells me that something fatal is about to befall me." Rotoli took his arm, saying, "Come, am I not your countryman? that is surely enough." They arrived at the house in a short time; Spatolino whistled, and the door was immediately opened. He entered with twenty gens-d'armes. His wife, with ten of the banditti, were seated round a table, eating and drinking. Spatolino exclaimed, "Here, comrades, I bring you company!" He and his men were then seized and bound in an instant. "My comrades! my wife!" cried Spatolino, "I have not betrayed you. Signor Rotoli, why am I bound? have I not fulfilled my engagement?" Rotoli answered, "Do not doubt it; this is merely a form; you and your wife will be at liberty as soon as we arrive at Rome." The banditti then began to reproach Spatolino for his treachery, telling him if they had thought him capable of it, they would have murdered him long ago, and have sent his head to the Governor for the price set upon it. Spatolino said, to vindicate himself, "If Rotoli has deceived me, he is an infamous traitor; but you shall

not die, I will defend you." They were conducted to the Carceri Nuove, in the Strada Giulia. Preparations for the trial were immediately made, and Spatolino perceived that he had been betrayed. He composed himself, saying, "I deserved it; my countryman has betrayed me to ingratiate himself with the French!—let us now think of saving the innocent, and of bringing the guilty with me to punishment." In less than a month the preparations were made for the trial; more than two hundred witnesses were brought from every part of the country to prove the crimes that had been committed, and the Government ordered a Military Commission. Spatolino, being now sure of his fate, often told those around him that he should cause much laughter on the day of his trial. On that day Spatolino was conducted to the Commission, with his wife and his ten companions. After the President had demanded their names, Spatolino rose and addressed him. "I am acquainted, Sir," said he, "with all these formalities, but in my case they are useless, all is finished for me; I know that death alone can now be the recompense of my courage, or, perhaps, I should say of my singleness of heart in having trusted a countryman employed by you usurpers of our state. There is now no remedy; I only ask one favour, which is, Sir, to speak one half-hour with my wife alone before I die, and afterwards I will myself candidly tell you all the assassinations I have committed, and I will give you some information of which you are at present entirely ignorant." The President answered that upon his word of honour he should obtain what he desired. "Signor Rotoli," said Spatolino, "although he was my countryman, gave me his word of honour, and yet he betrayed me."—"Do not doubt it," said the President, "you shall obtain what you desire." The trial began, and Spatolino interrogated every witness that was examined, explaining himself how the affair

happened; not caring about aggravating his own punishment, but doing every thing in his power to make his wife, and six of his companions appear less guilty. He thought if four of them suffered with him, he might manage to get the rest condemned only to be sent to the gallies. He succeeded perfectly in his plan. Addressing the President, he often said, "Let us have justice, Sir; we are not all equally guilty."—"Do not fear," answered the President, "you shall surely have justice; continue to speak the truth, and you shall have no reason to complain." The people came in crowds to hear this trial. Spatolino defended those he wished to save with great presence of mind; proving that they had been obliged to follow him by force, that he had menaced to kill his wife if she did not do whatever he ordered her, and he exaggerated his own crimes, and those of the four he wished to die with him. The spectators seemed frequently much amused with the laughable things Spatolino was saying; at length, turning to the audience, "Gentlemen," said he, "you laugh at present, but you will not laugh three or four days hence, when you see me receive five or six bullets in my breast." At this moment he recognised one of the gens-d'armes who were guarding him, as one of those who had assisted him at an assassination. After having examined him attentively, Spatolino said to the President, "Although I have a very mean opinion of the French Government, yet I never could have believed that they would have chosen an assassin for a soldier." The President desired him to explain his meaning. Spatolino, calling the soldier by name, said, "Have you then courage to guard me, after having been an assassin in my company? Lay down those arms, and place yourself among the other assassins, to receive judgment with them." The soldier fainted. He was immediately disarmed, and placed beside Spatolino, where he remained immovable, not knowing how to excul-

pate himself. He owned at length that he had been an assassin, but seeing his crimes in their proper light, he had left Spatolino and entered the French service. Spatolino frequently comforted his companions, and particularly the soldier, telling them to be of good cheer, and reminding them that they had but a few days longer to suffer. The trial lasted eight days, but it would be impossible to mention the thousands of crimes, with all the particulars concerning them, which were detailed by Spatolino ; he showed always much regret when he had, by any inadvertency, suffered any of his victims to escape. Among the spectators was the master of the Posta de' Cavalli, of Civita Castellana. As soon as Spatolino noticed him, he said to the President, "Three times have I thought to kill that man ; the last time he received a shot in his left arm, which now renders it useless : I shall die regretting that I did not finish him. I should have rendered a great service to society if I had rid the world of a vile spy, who thought to make himself be remarked and rewarded by informing the Governor where I was to be found. No human being could have taken me, had even Napoleon come himself with all his army. Signor Rotoli alone could deceive me. Death will be nothing compared to the grief I feel at not being able to revenge myself, by tearing out the heart of Rotoli and (pointing to the Postmaster) of that vile spy." At the termination of the trial the Commission retired, and returned after a consultation of two hours, condemning Spatolino with four of his companions and the soldier to death, two of the others to the gallies for life, four for twenty years to the gallies, and his wife to five years' imprisonment. Spatolino seemed much pleased, thanked the President, and reminded him of his promise. The President then ordered Spatolino's wife to be allowed to remain with him half an hour. Spatolino informed her where he had hid his treasures, and exhorted

her to bear patiently the five years' imprisonment. After this conversation, he desired that no one might come near him until the time appointed for the execution, not wishing to be teased with the priests, as he said he felt his conscience unembarrassed by any crime. He gave notice therefore, that if his orders were not obeyed, he would murder, by kicks and blows, the first person that dared to come near him. No one ventured to enter his prison, where he was unbound ; but the priests, from the door, exhorted him to recommend himself to God. Spatolino sang all the night, frequently asking for wine and something to eat. In the morning he would not consent to see the priests, but he requested to be allowed once more to speak with his companions. His request was granted, and he was taken to a church, where he found them tormented by the exhortations the priests were forcing upon them. "Cowards!" cried Spatolino, "are you not ashamed to listen to these priests ? I have defended my country against our oppressors, but I detest the priesthood. Once I believed them, but in the course of the years I commanded you, I have had reason to know that the priests will not hesitate to commit any crime." Spatolino was hurried away, for fear he should influence the others, and placed in the first carriage, while his companions followed him at a distance. On the way he looked out at the window, bowing to the women they met, and telling them he was going to suffer death for having been too honest. Arrived at the place of execution, Spatolino embraced his companions, saying they should see each other in the next world, and exhorting them to die with courage. Then, turning to the people, he said, "I have committed many crimes, yet I die regretting that I am obliged to leave the Postmaster of Civita Castellana and the traitor Rotoli behind me ; but I must be patient. Brave soldiers," continued he, "now aim straight at my forehead, that I may

not suffer long." He then met death with the greatest courage. The other banditti, having heard how Spatolino had been betrayed, and seeing that the vicinity of Rome was not a safe situation for them, as they

had no longer a good leader, retired to the kingdom of Naples, and joined the Calabrians, who were daily fighting with the French. Thus was dissipated the famous band of assassins commanded by Spatolino.

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.—NO. IV.*

NOTWITHSTANDING many petty annoyances, originating in the consequential ignorance of Manager Strut, and the overbearing disposition of his family, I yet contrived to lead a merry care-defying course of life; still guided and cheered along the rugged path by the false but fascinating lamp—the *ignis fatuus*, which had lured me from my home. Of necessity, parts of considerable importance occasionally fell to my lot; and as my vanity whispered that merit had some share in procuring me the distinction, I rose in my own estimation so considerably, that phrenologists might doubtless have discovered a wondrous increase in the size of that bump which betokens self-esteem. From the audience I always met with toleration, and often with applause, although I am now fully convinced that I deserved neither one nor the other. In private I made many friends, and in public I found no enemies.

Thus floating on, carelessly and resistlessly, with the stream, I continued a member of Manager Strut's *corps dramatique* for about eight months, without experiencing any vicissitude worthy of notice. During that time, I traversed with the company a considerable tract of country, and exhibited my claims to Thespian honours in many towns and villages. My journeys were sometimes performed on foot, and sometimes on the outside of a stage-coach, hired for the purpose of conveying the performers, and such of the inanimate theatrical stock as could be conveniently stowed upon it. The former

mode was respectable enough, but of the latter I can scarcely think without laughing, so ludicrous was the appearance of the motley load heaped upon the coach on such occasions. The inside was of course appropriated to the ladies of the company, and their children, who, together with an infinite variety of bandboxes and bundles, left no room for any thing—but improvement. Comfort was of course out of the question, particularly in the dog-days, and therefore we who had the outside were fortunate, although our situation was by no means enviable. As there was always a great quantity of luggage to be carried with us, we were obliged to sit how and where we could, without any regard to our personal convenience; and hence the most droll effect was frequently produced. I myself have sat on the top of the vehicle in the midst of a practicable cloud, made for the use of demons, fairies and genii, with the thunder lying silently at my feet, while my next neighbor carried on his lap the hail, rain and snow. A tremendous Anaconda, which had often made the audience scream with terror, lay innocently coiled up beside us, reposing, as it were, beneath the shade of Maria Darlington's willow. The mossy bank, on which the gentle Jessica and the young Lorenzo had often sat; the throne of many kings; a gondola; a miniature windmill, and the performers' boxes, occupied the rest of the roof; and those who sat in front and rear, each carried some stage appurtenance in his hand, in order to enjoy a seat. Behind the

coach was slung a hamper of tin sconces, which, from the shaking, made a disagreeable jingle ; and immediately above it was placed, imperfectly wrapped in a ragged baize, Mother Goose's favourite bird. Of such materials was our coach load generally composed, and therefore the moment we entered a village or town, the people flocked around us to gaze upon the player-folk.

These journeys, which were by no means agreeable in any view kept me in constant poverty, and my outward man began to wax shabby. I had abstained from trying my fortune in the way of a benefit, because the chances were against the success of such a speculation ; but necessity made me bold, and at length I ventured. We were performing in the town of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, about the middle of autumn, and had from thence to make a journey of about eighty miles, to Brecon, in South Wales. The season being nearly at an end, and my purse absolutely empty, I resolved to become a candidate for the smiles of the blind goddess, and at my request a night was allotted to me as a benefit. The terms were, that the manager should receive the first five pounds of the proceeds, and divide with me the remainder ; I binding myself to make good the five pounds, should the receipts fall short of it. I selected most attractive pieces ; puffed them well in the bills ; and used every exertion to propitiate dame Fortune, but in vain. The night appointed for my benefit was one of incessant rain, and the amount of the house was only thirty shillings ! Instead of benefit, I had a loss of three pounds ten shillings, which I was bound to pay the manager, besides the expenses of printing the puffing bills. I was now in a most afflicting situation. I had no money, but was, on the contrary, indebted to the manager, in whom I had little reason to expect an obliging creditor. I was, however, mistaken, for I had a friend in the manager's bosom who pleaded my cause effectually—that friend was

self-interest. My services were required at Brecon ; and besides, were I left behind, all chance of the three pounds ten shillings would be lost. Manager Strut therefore advanced me a pound, to enable me to make the journey of eighty miles.

Thus generously and amply provided, I despatched my luggage by a waggon, and commenced my journey on foot ; carrying in one hand a stick, and in the other a bundle, consisting of a pair of shoes, a change of linen, and a few etceteras. Having some days to spare, I took the task leisurely, and did not walk more than twenty miles a day, resting each night at some humble inn. On the evening of the third day I reached a small village called Hay, on the borders of Herefordshire and Wales, and, having looked carefully about for a cheap inn, I entered one which seemed likely to suit my finances. In the room which served at once for hall and kitchen, I found the landlord cooking some mutton chops, which sent forth a flavour most provoking to a hungry man, and I could not avoid saying I should like to partake. Upon this, a gentleman who sat by the fire reading, said that the chops were ordered by him, and that he would be most happy in my company at supper. This invitation I readily accepted, and the chops being ready, we sat down without further ceremony, for which indeed we were both too hungry, and made a most comfortable supper. The stranger was between thirty and forty years of age, of genteel appearance and prepossessing manners ; and I had not long conversed with him when I felt assured that he was an accomplished and universal scholar. He seemed familiarly acquainted with the ancient and modern languages, with all branches of science, and all departments of literature. He talked of his travels in all parts of the known world, and seemed acquainted with the state secrets of every court. I therefore set him down as a great man, and hugged myself as it were with satisfaction, at having made such

as acquaintance. I began to build castles, but was not allowed to carry them to any height, for the strange man soon made a disclosure that dissipated at once foundation and superstructure. In the middle of conversation, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he drew from his pocket a few sheets of paper, and, after a polite apology, commenced writing. I did not doubt that the subject was some matter of national importance, and I looked upon the stranger with increased respect. When he had written for some time, he laid down his pen, and, after a moment's seeming consideration, he said, that having formed the highest opinion of me, he would confide to me the subject of his letter. Highly flattered, I listened with eager attention, expecting to hear some important state secret; for I no longer doubted that he was at least one of the Under-Secretaries of State, travelling incog. for some national purpose. I, however, speedily found that in this, as in other cases, I but reckoned without my host. The stranger told me that his name was C——; that his father was a Quaker, of considerable wealth, residing at Haverford-West, and that he had many rich relations in Ireland, of which country he was himself a native. Here he again flattered my vanity, by congratulating himself upon being my fellow-countryman; and having thus warmed my heart towards him, he proceeded with his story, which was to the following purport:—That having a handsome allowance from his father, he had been making a tour of the Continent, but on reaching Rome lately, he had found his pecuniary supplies suddenly and unexpectedly cut off; that he had written to his father, but had received no answer, and being thus left destitute of money in a strange country, he had no choice, but to return to England. In doing so, however, he had found great difficulty, owing to the state of his purse, and, instead of travelling as usual in comfortable style, he was forced to take his passage in a small

trading-vessel, bound for London. On his arrival at that city he was unable to pay for his passage, and was obliged to leave his luggage in pledge with the captain. With a very small sum of money, he had set out from London to walk to Haverford-West, and had so far proceeded on his journey when he fell in with me. He had lived, he said, with the utmost economy on the road, but his money was now reduced to three shillings, which would be barely adequate to the expenses of the present night: he had therefore conceived the idea of applying to the clergyman of the parish in which we then were, stating his circumstances, and requesting a loan of two or three pounds, to be repaid on his reaching home. Having thus explained matters, he handed me, for my perusal, the letter which he had just written, and which was one of the most elegant I had ever read. I never felt my poverty more sensibly than at that moment. I would have given the world to be able to relieve him from his difficulties, but, alas! what could I do? Out of the pound with which I had started, but eight shillings remained, and with that I had to pay for my supper, a night's lodging, my breakfast next morning, and many expenses, which must necessarily arise on my entering a strange town. I could but offer my advice, which was that he should persevere in the plan he had adopted, and heartily wish him success. I told him who I was, whither I was going, and the exact state of my purse; assuring him that small though my means were, he should share them with me, if necessary. Upon this, he declared that he had not the most distant idea of trespassing on my kindness, as he had little doubt that his application to the clergyman would be successful. He then thanked me for the interest I had taken in his affairs, and, it being late, we separated for the night. Next morning, after breakfast, I left him to present his letter, and resumed my journey. I had but sixteen or seventeen miles to walk from Hay to

Brecon, and therefore I did not hurry myself, but, about half way, stopped to refresh at a small public-house. While there, I was overtaken by C——. He was in the deepest affliction, and told me that the clergyman being from home, his only hope had been blighted, and he had no prospect but that of starving at the road side. He seemed in a frenzy of despair, and my heart bled for him. I could not bear the idea of suffering a fellow-creature to perish while I could procure at any sacrifice the means of saving him, and I resolved not to abandon him. I said all that I could to soothe his feelings, and prevailed upon him to accompany me to Brecon. I brought him to the Bear, the inn which I had been informed was frequented by the actors when in that town, and made him dine with me. I met there some of my brother performers, who, having more money, had made the journey more rapidly than myself. To them and to the landlord I stated the unfortunate circumstances of my fellow-traveller, and at my suggestion a subscription was set on foot for his relief. By these means he was speedily put in possession of ten shillings, and I undertook to be responsible for his expenses while he remained in the house. Next day he made application to the resident clergy of the town, but without success. This second failure seemed to have driven him to actual madness, for when I saw him in the evening he was pacing the parlor of the inn furiously, uttering the wildest exclamations, railing against Providence, and tearing his hair like a maniac. I tried to console him, but only drew forth piercing lamentations, mingled with awful denunciations upon the heads of those who would have his death to answer for. There were several persons in the room, and a second effort was made to relieve him by subscription; yet the sum raised was but trifling for the journey he had to undertake. Overcome by his distress, I gave him my remaining half-crown, and left myself without

a penny in the world. He took it with many expressions of reluctance, for he knew it was my last; and he solemnly promised that on reaching home he would send me what I had lent him, together with the amount of his expenses at the inn. Next morning he left Brecon at an early hour, and I saw no more of him. Soon, however, I ascertained to my infinite mortification, that this man, for whom I had plunged myself into debt, and left myself penniless, was but an accomplished villain—an impostor who lived by preying upon the goodnature of the inexperienced! It happened that at the moment when his letter applying for relief was handed to one of the clergymen at Brecon, there was in the room a gentleman from Monmouth, who had that day arrived on a visit. The letter was shown to him, and he at once tore the mask from the impostor, by stating that the same person had been recently levying contributions in Monmouth, and had addressed to him a letter precisely the same as that now produced. He had been detected in Monmouth, and was obliged to make a hasty retreat. This intelligence soon spread to the other clergymen in Brecon, and of course all the applications were unsuccessful. The fellow took his departure in good time, for he had not been gone many hours when inquiry was set on foot with the view of putting a stop to his tricks. One of the clergymen called upon the landlord of the Bear, and was by him told the share I had in the matter. This led to inquiries respecting me, and drew upon me the notice of the leading persons in the town, the consequence of which I afterwards found exceedingly beneficial; for my conduct was viewed in the proper light, and it was resolved that I should be no loser by my generosity. Of this friendly feeling I, however, remained in ignorance for nearly three months, when, the season being almost at an end, the performers' benefit were about to begin.

My situation was daily becoming

more uncomfortable with Manager Strut and his family—my necessities were increasing, for my apparel was fast decaying—the present was wretched, and the future but gloomy, when one evening I went to have my hair adorned with two penny-worth of curling, to improve my appearance for some part I had that night to play. While performing his office, the barber, as was his custom, opened his budget of news, and told me that he understood I was to have an excellent benefit. I said that he would oblige me by making his words true, but that I had no intention of tempting Fortune to play me another sad trick in addition to the many for which I already stood indebted to her. He replied that he spoke from good authority; for that his wife had been to visit the ladies-maid of a certain great family, and had heard from her that all the fashionables of the neighborhood intended visiting the theatre on the occasion of my benefit. This information I treated as mere gossip, until some few days afterwards I heard it repeated in various quarters, with the addition that a certain gentleman of the first rank and influence in that part of the country intended to bespeak and patronize the performances. Upon this hint I made application to the gentleman alluded to, and to my great joy received an immediate answer conveying a ready compliance with my wishes. A night was appointed, and the performances chosen were, "Sue Stoops to Conquer" and "The Irish Tutor." The bill of fare was certainly good in its way; but the great attraction on which I relied was the name of my patron, which I found to be truly magnetic. He did not, however, limit his kindness to merely giving me the use of his name, for he called upon all his acquaintances who were within a ride, and wrote to those who were at a distance, requesting their interest for what he goodnaturedly called his benefit. From this it will doubtless be supposed that the box plan was speedily filled;

but no such thing occurred, because the Brecon theatre could not boast of either box plan or boxes. The house was of very small dimensions, capable of containing only about thirty pounds, and the audience part consisted only of pit and gallery. The gallery was allotted to the lower orders, and the pit to the gentry and tradespeople, between which parties it was by tacit consent divided, so that neither should be confounded with the other, the former always occupying the left-hand side and the latter the right. But, although I cannot say that "the boxes were fully and fashionably attended" on this occasion, yet I can truly affirm that the pit presented a brilliant galaxy of rank, fashion and beauty, the very *élite* of the town and surrounding country being seated there at the rising of the curtain. I will not detain the reader by expatiating upon my delight, the good spirits by which I was enabled to throw more than usual animation into my performance, or upon the applause which a partial audience showered upon me. Great indeed were the laurels gathered by me on this occasion, but more important were the pecuniary benefits which accompanied them, for my share of the proceeds, above all expenses, amounted to eleven pounds ten shillings, in addition to which I received as much in presents as swelled my profits to sixteen pounds,—"a great sum in those days."

I had long been tired of Manager Strut's company, and an offer of a situation being about this time made me by the manager of a company at Halifax in Yorkshire, I did not hesitate in accepting it. The profits of my benefit removed all impediments, and, having paid my debt to the manager, I was soon on my road to Halifax. The journey was long and expensive, and as I was obliged, by the shortness of the time allowed me, to travel by coach, when I reached Halifax my purse was again in its usual state of emptiness. But I was about to break new ground,

and perhaps to enter at length upon the right road to fame and fortune. Hope, therefore, again cheered me, but alas! as usual, only to deceive. It was my fate to find thorns in every path by which I attempted to reach the object of my ambition. I had not, indeed, as formerly, to complain of any annoyance from my manager, but in my new associates I found a source of evil as intolerable as it was new to me. They were, with one or two exceptions, gross in their manners and conversation, rude and offensive in their demeanor, and dissolute in their habits. As I would not join in their conversation or amusements, they made it their business to annoy me by all possible means, having recourse to expedients too disgusting to be mentioned; and so ingenious were their contrivances, so incessant their endeavours to effect this object, that during three weeks I was kept in perfect misery, and at length found it impossible to remain amongst them. Their conduct thoroughly sickened me of the way of life which I had so long obstinately pursued, and by subduing my enthusiasm rendered me accessible to reason and capable of rational reflection. On reviewing the past, I saw that my career had been marked only by misery and disappointment, and I became convinced at last that to pursue the same course farther would be madness. I found that after following the phantom of my imagination for upwards of two years, I was still as far as ever from overtaking it, and that the only result of the attempt was disgrace and poverty. I resolved therefore to relinquish it at once and forever. I accordingly sent in my resignation just as the

company were about to leave the town for a distant part of the country; and to prevent the possibility of my again having recourse to the stage, I disposed of every article of my theatrical wardrobe. By the sale of these things I made a trifle, which was soon swallowed up in discharge of some small debts I contracted during the reckless misery of the last three weeks, and I was now left alone in a strange town without a shilling. I had too far disgraced myself to think of returning home, and the only course left open to me was to seek some employment in Halifax. I applied to every solicitor in the town, offering my services as a clerk, and to every schoolmaster, begging to be employed as an assistant, but in vain; I had been on the stage, and no one would employ me. The horrors of my situation may be more easily imagined than described. I became careless of life, and indeed I should have starved but for the kindness of a worthy innkeeper, who had on the departure of the company offered me a temporary asylum in his house. While in this despairing state of mind, I met with a party of soldiers recruiting for a regiment then in the West Indies, and was on the point of enlisting, when my kind landlord happened to pass by the end of the street in which I stood. He suspected what I was about, and hastened to prevent me from fulfilling my purpose. He prevailed upon me to accompany him home, and promised to use his exertions in my behalf. He did so, and I shortly afterwards obtained a respectable situation about twenty miles from the town.* I have ever since been able to earn a livelihood, but am con-

* To prove that the publication of "The Vicissitudes of an Actor" has been useful, we have received the following communication from a youth rescued from stage-stricken misery.

"To the Editor.

"Sir.—There is scarcely any ambition so dangerous to a young man as that of becoming an actor, and I myself was very near becoming a sad example of the truth of my assertion.

"I was, at the age of sixteen, sent by my father to Boulogne to finish my education, at which place I unfortunately formed an acquaintance with some English gentlemen, who were endeavoring to establish a company of amateurs. I (having already a taste for the dramatic) was easily persuaded to join them, and I made my first appearance upon any

denied to merited obscurity, from which I fear I can never emerge.

Thus have I given a brief outline of the scenes through which it has been my lot to pass. My example

may perhaps deter others from the commission of folly like mine; and if so, I shall be more than repaid for the trouble the narrative has cost me.

TRIALS OF TEMPER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

“I SAY she is neither handsome, nor comely, nor agreeable, in any one respect, Mr. Burton; and I cannot help considering myself as rather humbugged in this business.

Do you account it nothing to bring a man of my temperament a chase of three hundred miles on a fool’s errand?”

“My dear sir, I beg a thousand

stage in the character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice. I was received with unanimous applause throughout, and was highly complimented in a critique upon my performance, in one of the French journals. I felt highly flattered, and concerned that my abilities were undoubtedly first-rate. I performed several other characters with decided success, and became quite a favorite with the frequenters of the theatre. My father, having received information of my performances, and becoming fearful lest the consequences might prove fatal to me, instantly recalled me from France, and, immediately upon my arrival in England, artificed me to himself. I, however, could not forget my success at Boulogne, and I secretly determined to embrace the theatrical profession. I therefore applied to Mr. Sims, the Mecenas of dramatic aspirants, and requested that he would, as soon as possible, obtain an engagement for me. After having danced daily attendance at the Harp for about two months, I received the welcome information that there was at length a vacancy in a sharing company, about fifty miles distant from London. I remunerated Mr. Sims with two pounds for his kindness, (which sum, by the by, it was some time before I could realize by my engagement.) How brilliant were the visions that my imagination had formed!—but, alas! they were merely *visions*. I calculated that my share of the profits would amount to at least five pounds per night, and that my fame would soon be spread throughout England. I started from my father’s house in excellent spirits, and with six pounds in my pocket. I took my seat upon the stage, and arrived at the place of my destination by about four o’clock in the afternoon. My first care was to inquire for the theatre, when, to my great surprise, the first six persons I put the question to, had never heard of such a place. At length I was directed to a barn, the appearance of which, I must say, considerably damped my spirits. I was very politely received by the company, which consisted of the manager, his wife, four gentlemen, and a lady, who, together with myself, made a total amount of eight. The play for the evening was ‘The School for Scandal,’ and I was to perform the part of Joseph Surface, and also that of Bombastes Furioso in the after-piece. I expressed my surprise how they would contrive to act the comedy with so small a number of performers; but they informed me, that by dint of doubling, &c. &c. they managed it easily, and that they had been performing ‘The Battle of Waterloo,’ for several nights, with five gentlemen and two ladies. The wardrobe of the theatre not comprehending light-comedy dresses, I acted the part of Joseph Surface ‘accoutred as I was;’ namely, in a blue surtout, striped trowsers, Wellington boots, &c. My dress, however, totally eclipsed that of my brother performers. My spirits had already received damp, but, on my coming upon the stage, they fell at least ten degrees. There was no applause; the audience was provokingly apathetic, and truly select, for it consisted of eleven people. It was not very difficult for me to ‘count my gains,’ for those might be calculated at a glance. Between the pieces, one of the performers came to me and politely requested the loan of my hat for a few minutes, as he was about to go on for a song, and he assured me that mine was the only hat in the company worthy of appearing before the audience. I must do this gentleman the justice to observe that he returned me my *chapau*. My share of the profits of the evening amounted to two shillings. I remained with the company, playing three nights per week, and receiving from two to five shillings each night of performance, until my stock of cash had nearly dwindled away. At length, it appearing very improbable that the hopes I had formerly entertained would be realized, I left the company, and arrived at my father’s house with two pence sterling in my pocket. I was received with kindness, and I am happy to say, that my engagement has totally extinguished every spark of dramatic fire which before glowed within me, and I trust that this may act as an extinguisher to those dramatic aspirants who may chance to read it.

A. B.

pardons. But really, if you esteem Miss Eliza Campbell, your own relation as well as mine, as neither handsome, beautiful, nor accomplished, why, I must say you have lost since you went abroad, every sense of distinction; every little spark that you once possessed of taste and discernment in female accomplishments. Why, now, I suppose, a lady, to suit your taste, Doctor, must be black—as black as a coal, and well tattooed over the whole body?"

"None of your gibes and jeers with me, Mr. Burton. I did not, and do not mean to give any offence; but it is well known to all your friends, and has been known to me these thirty years, what a devil of a temper you have. As to my taste and discernment in female beauty, I have seen too much of life to be directed in these by a petty dealer in Galashiels gray-cloth, corduroy breeches, and worsted stockings,—ay, even though he add Kilmarnock bonnets, pirnie caps, and mittens to the inventory. And if you had any degree of temper I would tell you, that your niece, Miss Campbell, is one of the worst-looking, worst-conditioned middle-aged women, that I ever looked on!"

"Temper! I short of temper? Why, I must say, sir, that I would not be possessed of a temper as irritable as yours, to be made owner of all the shops in this street, as well as the goods that are in them. You are a very nettle sir,—a piece of brown-paper wet with turpentine,—a barrel of gunpowder that can be ignited by one of its own grains, and fly in the face of the man who is trying and exerting himself to preserve it. I am a clothier. I do not deny it; and think no shame of my business. But though I have not poisoned so many Pagans and Mahometans as you have done, nor been paid for so doing by a thousand lacs of rupees, I can nevertheless keep the crown of the cause-way and look all my creditors in the face. Ay, and moreover, I can kneel before my Maker, sir, and entreath his blessing on myself and others, with a clear conscience, and that is more than

some of your Nabob sort of people can do! Miss Campbell is too good—much too good—for you, sir; and I must say, that I regret exceedingly having invited you so far to come and insult her—in my presence, to her nearest relation! I must say, sir, that you had better take care not to say as much again as you *have* said, else you may chance to be surprised at the consequence."

"Why certainly the devil has entered personally into this retailer of gray-cloth and carpets! There, he would persuade me, that I am irritable and passionate, and he the reverse; while, in the meantime, here has he got into a violent rage, and chafing like the vexed ocean, and I as cool as a summer evening in Kashmere!"

"Cool?—you cool, sir? Why you are at this moment in a furnace of a passion! Wherefore else should you knock on my counter in that way? You think to intimidate me, I suppose; but you shall neither fright me out of my reasonableness nor equanimity."

"Your equanimity! St. Patrick save the mark! How long is it since you were sued at law, and heavily fined, for knocking down your shopman with the ellwand? And how many honest customers have you threatened across that counter with the same infernal weapon, before you could bring your reason to control your wrath? And when we were at school together, how often did the rest of the boys combine to banish you from all their games, calling you 'the crabbed tailor,' and pelting you without mercy? And what was worst of all, how often did I get my head broken in your defence?"

"It is too true,—perfectly true!—I remember several of the circumstances quite well. Give me your hand, my old and trusty friend, and come and dine with me to-morrow; for my heart warms to you when I think of our early friendship, and the days of our youthful enjoyments."

"And well may mine warm to you, for you assisted me out, when no other

er friend would venture, and, I had reason to fear, put your little credit right hardly to stake on my account. And do you know, Burton, that when I left Scotland, and took leave of all my friends, with much probability that it would be for the last time, not a man or woman amongst them shed tears at parting with me but yourself. That simple circumstance has never been erased from my memory, nor ever will. And before I left India I made a will, which is safe in the Register-Chamber of Fort William, and whereby, in the event of my dying without a family, you will find yourself entitled to the half of my fortune."

"My dear sir, that little pecuniary matter has been doubly repaid long ago; and as for that part of the will which is deposited at Fort William, and that devises to me, I shall do all in my power to render it of none effect. Come and dine with me to-morrow."

"I will with all my heart."

"That's well. And we will have some conversation about the exploits and joys of our youthful years; for, though much has past over our heads, as well as through our hands and our hearts, since that period, still one single reminiscence of it is like a warm blink of sunshine in a winter day. I have often wondered, Doctor, what it is that makes the recollections of youth so delightful; for, as far as I remember my sensations at that time, they were anything but desirable, my joys being transient, and wofully mingled up with vexations and disappointments."

"There is something in the buoyancy of youthful spirits so akin to happiness, that the existence of the one almost implies the presence of the other. The ardency of hope, the first breathings of youthful affection, all render that a season to be thought on with delight.—Have you not some daughters of your own, Mr. Burton?"

"I have two very amiable girls, and one of them marriageable, too; but, after hearing your opinion of the most accomplished young lady of

the realm, I dare not submit them to your scrutiny. You shall not meet them at dinner to-morrow."

"I insist on meeting them at dinner—What! shall I not be introduced to the daughters of my best friend?"

"Your taste has become so horribly sophisticated, and then you speak out your sentiments so plainly, that no girl is safe from insult with you. Remember my girls are not blackamoors any more than Miss Campbell is."

"There the bad temper flies out again! This Miss Campbell is a sore subject. Would that I had never seen her!—The truth is, I must speak my sentiments, and, with regard to her, they are anything but those of approbation."

"Why, sir, you're not only blind, but utterly perverse and obstinate. Miss Campbell is the most approved beauty in Edinburgh at the present time; but she is an orphan, and has no fortune—there your antipathy lies! Money is your object! money, money!—that is manifest. Pray, could you not have got a blackamoor, with a camel's load or two of rupees, for a spouse, and so saved the expense of a journey to Britain?"

"I will tell you what, friend—I have a great mind to break your head, and so save the expense of a rope to hang you in. A piece of presumption, indeed, to think to dictate to my tastes, or analyze the springs of my affection and dislike!"

Here the clothier seized his massy mahogany ellwand, and his friend the Doctor, having heard of the feats of arms performed by that unlucky weapon, thought proper to decamp, which he did with a kind of forced laugh, half in wrath at the ridiculous exhibition the two had made. Nevertheless, he returned, after walking about thirty paces, and, setting his head over the half-door, said emphatically, "Now, after all, you must be sensible that she is very homely, vulgar, and disagreeable; and confoundedly affected?" Then, perceiving the ellwand once more

emerging from its dark corner, he made a hasty retreat, desecrating, all the way, the misfortune of a bad temper.

That evening Mr. Burton got a note from Miss Campbell, which puzzled him a great deal; it ran thus:

“MY DEAR UNCLE,

“I am quite delighted with your friend Dr. Brown. I expected to have met an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised at meeting with so much elegance, conjoined with youth. He is certainly the most engaging and courteous gentleman I have ever seen, and has already made me an offer, which I think it would be imprudent in me to reject. As I have much to say to you on this subject, I will come down and see you in the coach to-morrow.

“Your ever affectionate niece,

“ELIZA CAMPBELL.”

“So, the Nabob has been hoaxing me all this while,” said the clothier to himself, chuckling. He then laughed at Miss Campbell’s mistake about his friend’s age, and slyly remarked, that money was all powerful in modifying ages to suit each other. After considering the matter a little more seriously, he became suspicious that some mistake had occurred, for he knew it to be his friend the Doctor’s disposition always to speak his sentiments rather too freely, and, in the present instance, he seemed to be quite chagrined and out of humour whenever Miss Campbell was named. The good clothier had a sincere affection for his niece, and, having a large family of his own to provide for, he was anxious to see her settled in life by a respectable marriage, particularly as she had of late begun to be noted as a great beauty, and was toasted by the beaux. So the clothier remained involved in a puzzle until the next day, when his niece arrived; and still from her he could learn nothing, but that all was as it should be. He asked who introduced Dr. Brown to her. It was the very friend to whom the

clothier had written to perform that friendly office. He made her describe Dr. Brown’s person and address, and, as far as the clothier could see, they corresponded to a very title.—Very well, thinks the clothier to himself, as I am uncertain whether the crabbed loon will come to dinner to-day or not, I will say nothing about it, and then I will see how the two are affected when they meet.

Four o’clock came, so the clothier went home to his house, and put on his black coat and silk stockings; and then he paced up and down his little snug parlour, which served as a drawing-room, with much impatience, going every five minutes up stairs to look out at the window.

“Who dines with my uncle to-day?” said Miss Campbell to her cousin, Ellen Burton;—“I see you have an extra cover set, and he seems rather in the fidgets because his guest is not come.”

“I do not know who it is,” returned Miss Burton; “he merely said that he expected a stranger to dine with him to-day—some English bagman, I suppose. We have these people frequently with us; but I never regard them, always leaving them with my father, to consult about markets and bargains, as soon as dinner is over; and we will leave them the same way to-night, and go to Mrs. Innes’s grand tea party, you know.”

“O, by all means.”

With that the Doctor entered, and was welcomed by a hearty and kindly shake of the hand; and, leading him forward, Burton said, “This is my daughter Ellen, Sir, and her sister Jane.” Of Miss Campbell he made no mention, conceiving that she and the Doctor were well acquainted before. But either the Doctor and she had not been acquainted before—or else the room was so dark that the Doctor could not see distinctly, (for he was very much out of breath, which mazes the eye-sight a great deal)—or the beauty of the young ladies had dazzled

him—or some unaccountable circumstance had occurred, for the Doctor did not recognize Miss Campbell, nor did the young lady take any notice of him. On the contrary, Jane Burton being only a little girl, and below the Doctor's notice at that time of night, he took the other two for the clothier's daughters, and addressed them as such all the time of dinner. The two young giglets being amused by the simple mistake, encouraged the stranger in it, answering to their names, and quizzing one another about the bagman and his patterns, of all which the Doctor understood not one word; but the clothier thought it altogether a very odd business; yet he carved his beef and his chuckies, and held his peace, suffering the girls to have out their joke, deeming it all affection, on Miss Campbell's part, and some strange misconception of the Doctor's, which he resolved to humour.

The Doctor was so polite and attentive to the young ladies, and appeared so highly delighted with them, that they were insensibly induced to stay longer at table than they intended, and on their going away, he conducted them to the door, kissed both their hands, and said a number of highly flattering things to them. On again taking his seat, being in high spirits, he said, "Why in the name of wonder, my dear friend, should you endeavour to put grist by your own mill, as the saying is? These daughters of yours are by far the most accomplished and agreeable young ladies whom I have seen since my return from India. The eldest is really a masterpiece, not only of Nature's workmanship, but of all that grace and good-breeding can bestow."

"I thank you kindly, sir; I was afraid they would be a little too fair of complexion for your taste. Pray have you never met with that eldest one before? for it struck me that you looked as you had been previously acquainted."

"How was it possible I could ever have seen her? But you know a

bachelor of my years assumes a privilege with young ladies which would be widely out of place with our juniors, while it not unfrequently has the effect of rendering us the greater favourites of the two.—It is quite well known, Mr. Burton, what my errand to Britain is at this time. I have never concealed it from you. It is to obtain a wife; and now to receive one out of your family, and from your own hand, would be my highest desire; settlements are nothing between us. These shall be of your own making. Your eldest daughter, the tallest I mean, is positively the most charming woman I ever saw. Bestow her upon me, and I am the happiest man in his Majesty's dominions."

"You shall have her, Doctor—you shall have her with all my heart; and I think I have a small document on hand to show that you can likewise have her consent for the asking, if indeed you have not obtained it already."

"I will double your stock in trade, sir, before I leave this country, if you realize this promise to me. My jaunt from India beyond the Ganges is likely to be amply compensated. Why, the possession of such a jewel is worth ten voyages round the world, and meeting all the lines at Musselburgh. But I'll warrant I may expect some twitches of temper from her—that I may reckon upon as a family endowment."

"And will there be no equivalent on the other side? No outbreaks of violence, outrage, and abuse? The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; no more can he of an unruly temper sit beneath the sway of reason. At all events, the reflection on me and my family comes with a bad grace from such a firebrand as yourself."

"Stop, for heaven's sake, my good friend, stop; let us not mar so excellent a prospect, by sounding the jarring strings of our nature together. Why, sir, whenever a man comes within the bounds of your atmosphere, he treads on phosphorus—he

breathes it, and is not for a moment certain that he may not be blown up in an electric flash. Why get into such a rage at a good-natured joke?"

"It was a very ill-natured joke; and I have yet to learn that you ever did a genuinely good-natured thing in your life. Even now you are all this while playing at hide-and-seek with me—playing at some back game, that I cannot comprehend, in order to make a fool of me. Do you wish me to tell you what I think of you, sir?"

"And pray what do I care what you think of me? Does it any way affect me what may be the opinion of such a man as you?—You think of me!"

"There goes! There goes the old man, with all his infirmities on his head."

"Who is an old man, Mr. Burton? Who is an old man full of infirmities? Old!—to your teeth, sir, you are years older than myself."

"Do you know, sir, who you are speaking to, sir? or whose house you are in, sir?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I know very well whose house I am in, and whose house I shall soon be out of, too; and whose house I shall never enter again as long as I live. Do I not know all these, sir? What *you* think of me, forsooth! I have thought more of you than ever it behoved me to have done; and this is the reception I have met with in return!"

"Now pardon me this once, Doctor, and I shall never get angry with you again. I'll bear all your infirmities with the patience of Job; but you must not leave my house in this humour."

"My infirmities, sir? What do you mean by my infirmities? And who the devil is to bear with yours, sir? I assure you it shall not be me! That I was once obliged to you, I confess, and I have long thought on you with the affection of a brother, I likewise confess, but—"

"Hold there. Go no farther at present until the furnace-heat of your temper be somewhat allayed. We

are friends, and must be friends as long as we live, notwithstanding of our failings. We have all much to forgive one another in this life. But you took me so short, when it was Miss Campbell only that I wanted to talk about."

"Miss Campbell whom you wanted to talk about! A singular subject truly, so immediately after the cessation of hostilities. I tell you once for all, Mr. Burton, that I will have nothing to do with Miss Campbell—nothing to say to her; for she is absolutely my aversion."

"It is false, sir—every word of it is false; for you shall have to say to her and do with her both, and she is *not* your aversion. Nay, do not go to get into one of your boundless fits of rage again, for out of your own mouth will I condemn you; and if you deny your own words and mine, I will show you the lady's writ and signature to the fact."

"I was not even able to say a civil thing to the lady."

"You were. You said the most civil things to her that you could invent. You made an offer of your hand to her, and you made the same offer to me."

"I'll fight the man either with sword or pistols who would palm such an imposition on me."

The clothier made no answer to this save by handing over Miss Campbell's note to the astonished physician, who read as follows:—"I am quite delighted with your friend Dr. Brown.' Hem! Thank you, Miss Eliza Campbell. So is not his friend Dr. Brown with you, I assure you. 'I expected to have met with an elderly gentleman, but was agreeably surprised—' Oho! hem, hem! What is all this? The girl has some sense and discernment though; for, do you know, I am never taken for a man above thirty."

"That I think does not show much discernment either in them or in her."

"I beg pardon, sir; I only meant to say that the girl saw with the same eyes that the generality of mankind, which at least manifests some degree

of common sense. But it is all very well ; I see through the letter—a trap to catch a badger, I suppose. As to the insinuation that I made her an offer, she has made it, or dreamed it, or conceived it, of herself, one way or other, for the deuce an offer I made to her of any sort whatever."

" Why, now, Doctor, the whole of your behaviour on this occasion is to me a complete mystery ; for the young lady who sat on your right hand to-day at table, is no other than the same Miss Campbell, my niece, whom you have been all along so undeservedly abusing."

" Are you telling the truth, Mr. Burton ? Are you not dreaming ?—I see you are telling me the truth. Why then did you introduce them to me as your daughters ?"

" I introduced my two daughters only, believing that you two were perfectly acquainted before."

" She has then been introduced to me in a mask. There is not a doubt of it. She has spoke to me under a disguise of false form and false features, yet I thought all the while that I recognised the voice. And was you lovely, adorable creature, with the auburn hair and dark eyes, the seamaw's neck, and the swan's bosom, the same who wrote that pretty card about me ?"

" The same, I assure you."

" Give it me again that I may kiss it, and look at every elegant letter it contains. I have had flatterers of the sex, black and white, brown and yellow, but never before received flattery from such a superlative being as she is. Where are the ladies ? Let us go to them and have tea, for I have an intense longing to look on the angel again. How right you were in your estimation of the young lady, and how grievously I was in the wrong ! I would now shoot any man who dared to use such language of her as I did. I would rather she had been your daughter though, for sake of the days of langsyne, even though she is my own half-cousin by the mother's side."

Never was there a more impassion-

ed lover than the Doctor was with this fair cousin ; he raved of her, and fumed with impatience, when he found she had gone to Mrs. Innes's party, and that he could not see her again that night. He lost no time, however, in writing out the schedule of a contract, a most liberal one, and to this scroll he put his name, desiring his friend to show Miss Campbell the writing preparatory to his visit the next day. The clothier did this, and found his lovely ward delighted with the match, who acknowledged that the annual sum settled on her was four times what she expected with such an agreeable husband ; and although she begged for time and leisure to make some preparations, yet, at her kind uncle's request, she unhesitatingly put her name to the document by way of acquiescence ; and thus was the agreement signed and settled, and wanted only the ratification of the parson to render it permanent. He then informed her that the Doctor would wait on her next day to ask her formally, and then they might settle on such time for the marriage as suited both.

Next day the Doctor arrived at an early hour, and found the young lady dressed like an eastern princess to receive him, and in the highest glee imaginable ; but as he did not then know the success of his offer, he kept aloof from the subject till the arrival of his friend the clothier. The latter, perceiving his earnest impatience, took him into another apartment, and showed him the lady's signature and acceptance. Never was there a man so uplifted. The intelligence actually put him beside himself, for he clapped his hands, shouted—hurra ! threw up his wig, and jumped over one of the chairs. His joy and hilarity during dinner were equally extravagant—there was no whim nor frolic which he did not practise. He drak tops and bottoms with the young lady every glass, and at one time got on his legs and made a long speech to her, the tenor of which she did not, or pretended that she did not, comprehend ; but all the family group

applauded him, so that he was elated, and even drunk with delight.

Not being able to rest, by reason of the fervour of his passion, he arose shortly after dinner, and, taking his friend the clothier into the other room, requested of him to bring matters to a verbal explanation forthwith. He accordingly sent for Eliza, who looked rather amazed when she entered, and saw only these two together.

"Come away, my dear Eliza," said her uncle; "take a seat here, and do not look so agitated, seeing the business is already all but finished. My friend, Dr. Brown, has come down to day for the purpose of having a ratification of your agreement from your own hand, and your own mouth."

"Very well, my dear uncle; though I see no occasion for hurrying the business, I am quite conformable to your will in that respect. Why did not Dr. Brown come to dinner? Where is he?"

I wish I had seen the group at this moment; or had Mr. David Wilkie seen it, and taken a picture from it, it would have been ten times better. The Doctor's face of full-blown joy was changed into one of meagre consternation, nothing of the ruddy glow remaining, save on the tip of his nose. The internal ligaments that supported his jaws were loosened, and they fell down, as he gazed on the clothier; the latter stared at Eliza, and she at both alternately. It was a scene of utter bewilderment, and no one knew what to think of another. The clothier was the first to break silence.

"What ails you my dear niece?" said he. "Are you quizzing? or are you dreaming? or have you fallen into a fit of lunacy? I say, *what* is the matter with you, child? Is not this my friend, Dr. Brown, whom I have known from his childhood?—the gentleman whom I sent for to be introduced to you, and the gentleman, too, to whom you have given yourself away, and signed the gift by an irrevocable deed?"

"What! To this old gentleman? Dear uncle, you must excuse me, that I am in a grievous error, and a quandary besides. Ha, ha, ha!—Hee, hee, hee! Oh, mercy on us! I shall expire with downright laughing."

"What do you mean by such insulting behaviour, madam? Have I come here to be flouted, to be cheated, to be baited by a pack of terriers, with an old fox-bound at their head? But beware, madam, how you press the old badger too hard. I have your signature here, to a very serious deed, signed before witnesses, and if you *do not* fulfil your engagement to me, I have you at my mercy; and I'll use the power which the deed puts in my hands—use it to the utmost—make yourself certain of that."

"Pray, sir, do not get into such a rage, lest you terrify me out of my wits. I am but a poor timorous maiden, sir, and not used to so much obstreperousness; yet I have so much spirit in me, that I shall never be imposed upon by such effrontery—never."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the clothier. "We shall all go in a flame together, and be consumed by collision.—My dear niece, you know not what you are doing or saying. This is no person to be despised, but the celebrated Dr. Brown from Indis, chief of the medical staff of a whole Presidency—your own kinsman—my friend, of whom you approved in your note to me, and in conjunction with whom you have signed a contract of marriage. So none of your bantering and flaggeries; for have him you must, and have him you shall. The deed cannot now be annulled but by mutual consent."

"Well, then, it shall never be farther ratified by me. This may be *your* Dr. Brown, but he is not *mine*; and however worthy he may be, he is not the man of my choice."

"Is not this the gentleman of whom you wrote to me in such high terms of approval?"

"That the gentleman! Dear uncle, where would my seven senses have been, had that been he?"

"And is this not the lady, sir, whom you met in Edinburgh?"

"I know nothing at all about it. If this be not she, I like her worse than the other."

"There is some unfortunate mistake here. Pray, Dr. Brown, who was it that introduced you to the lady, with whom you met?"

"Your friend Mrs. Wright, to be sure; whom else could it have been?"

"And you did not see Mr. Anderson, then?"

"No; but I left your letter at his office, thinking there might be something of business."

"There it goes! Mrs. Wright has introduced you to a wrong Miss Campbell, and Mr. Anderson has introduced a wrong Dr. Brown to her. —Plague on it, for you cannot now throw a stone in Edinburgh, but you are sure to hit either a Brown or a Campbell."

This was simply the case: The clothier wrote to his friend, Mrs. Wright, to find means of introducing the bearer, Dr. Brown, to their *mutual friend* Miss Elizabeth Campbell. Mrs. Wright, having an elderly maiden sister of that name, mistook, in perfect simplicity of heart, the term *mutual friend*, and, without more ado, introduced the Doctor to her sister. Now, the Doctor knew perfectly well that the other letter, which he carried to Mr. Anderson, related likewise to some meeting with Miss Campbell, but not caring about any such thing, he merely popped the letter into the shop as he passed; and Mr. Anderson, knowing nothing about Dr. Brown's arrival from India, sent for the only unmarried Dr. Brown whom he knew, and introduced him to Mr. Burton's niece, as desired, and there the attachment proved spontaneous and reciprocal. Miss Campbell, finding now that she was in a bad predicament, having given her heart to one gentleman, and her written promise to another, threw herself on the old Doctor's mercy, explained the mistake, and the state of her affections, and besought him to have pity on a poor or-

phan, whose choice might be wrong, but which she was incapable of altering. The worthy Esculapius of the East was deeply affected. He took both the young lady's hands in his, kissed first the one and then the other, and, invoking on her all earthly happiness, he not only returned her the bond, but amongst with it a cheque on his banker for a considerable sum, as a marriage-present.

Miss Campbell was shortly after married to a dashing student of medicine, and they now reside in a distant province, very poor, and not over happy; and Dr. Brown married the eldest daughter of his old benefactor, a simple, modest, and unassuming young creature, whom he carried off with him to the paradise of India, and placed her at the head of a magnificent Eastern establishment. I have seen several of her letters, in all of which she writes in the highest terms of her happiness and comforts. The two old friends quarrelled every day while together, but at parting, they both shed the warm tears of affection, and words of regret passed between them such as to be remembered for ever.

MORALITAS.

She that giveth heart away
For the homage of a day,
To a downy dimpling chin,
Smile that tells the void within,—
Swaggering gait, and stays of steel,—
Saucy head, and sounding heel,—
Gives the gift of woe and weeping—
Gives a thing not worth the keeping—
Gives a trifle—gives a toy.
Sweetest viands soonest cloy.

Gains?—Good Lord! what doth she gain?—
Years of sorrow and of pain;
Cold neglect, and words unkind;
Qualms of body and of mind:
Gains the curse that leaves her never;
Gains the pang that lasts for ever.

And why? Ah hath, not reason shown it?
Though the heart dares hardly own it,
Well it traces love to be
The fruit of the forbidden tree;
Of woman's woe the origin;
The apple of the primal sin;
The test of that angelic creature;
The touchstone of her human nature;
Which proved her, though of heavenly birth,
An erring meteor of the earth.

And what, by heaven's sovereign will,
Was trial once is trial still ;
It is the fruit that virgin's eye
Can ne'er approach too cautiously ;
It is the fruit that virgin's hand
Must never touch but on command
Of parent, guardian, friends in common—
Approved both by man and woman ;
Else woe to her as maid or wife,
For all her days of mortal life ;
The curse falls heavy on her crime,
And heavier wears by length of time ;
And, as of future joys to rest her,
Upon her race that follows after.

But Oh, if prudence and discretion
Baulk the forward inclination,—
Cool the bosom, check the eye,
And guide the hand that binds the tie,—
Then, then alone is love a treasure,
A blessing of unbounded measure,
Which every pledge of love endears ;
It buds with age, and grows with years,—
As from the earth it points on high,
Till its fair tendrils in the sky
Blossom in joy, and ever will,
And woman is an angel still.

THE ROYAL REEFER AND BOB CLEWLINES.

IT was on one of those December days, when the wind, blowing from the northward, acts almost like a razor on the surface of the skin, and when, accompanied by small sharp rain, a mixture of damp and cold produce a chilling effect upon the frame and spirits, that a *ci-devant* midshipman, his hands in his pockets, and

" Whistling as he went, for want of thought," crossed London bridge, which at that time was an asylum to the foot-sore, the pauper, and the weary of heart. The day had fallen, and every thing looked dull and dreary ; the footpath was encumbered by mud, and porters carrying weights, as well as other busy passengers, were jostling each other to obtain a footing on the dirty pavement : a fellow heavy laden came in contact with the *royal reefer** so powerfully, that he took a leelurch, and got foul of one of the seats in the arches. " Avast there ; luff up, you lubberly rigged son of a gun," cried middy ; " couldn't you hail ship before you were aboard of us ?" The fellow, however, waddled on ; but the middy had to turn about in order to regain his course, when suddenly he beheld a middle-aged figure, perishing with cold, a red night-cap on, an old jacket and trousers, a pair of shoes in rags attached to his legs with a rope's end, no shirt, no stockings, nor any other attire ; the face was climate-struck, it had braved the

equator and the pole, the battle and the breeze, the scorching heat and the petrifying cold,—it was, as might be expected, thin, and moreover almost lost in a profusion of hair on each cheek, so that it would be difficult for the oldest acquaintance to recognise the features after long absence ; nature had made the lips to smile, the eyes to beam in kindness, the fine high forehead to command respect ; but time and hardships, disease and disappointment, had quenched the fire of the organ of sight and intelligence, the mirror of the soul,—had prematurely furrowed that front of honest high spirit and candour, and had taught the lips to fall in dejection and the treasured silence of woe : upon the whole, the figure had something fierce in it, but it was truly manly ; the warrior's arms were folded together, and his face, bent towards the ground, was still half upturned, and seemed to say to rich merchants and venders passing by on foot and in carriages, " There ye are, ye liers upon beds of down, ye feeders upon the poor man's toil ; often have you slept secure, and safely enjoyed your wealth, whilst poor Jack rode out the gale, hung on the rigging betwixt life and death, and endured the storm which held him every moment betwixt the chance of clinging to a fragment of the wreck and sinking into eternity : but, now the war is over, smart-money paid for a sharp wound, and neglect and oblivion, are

* Prince William Henry, the present Duke of Clarence, when a midshipman.

the seaman's portion." The expression of his face and eyes seemed to speak thus; indeed, it spoke volumes; but its mute appeal was lost on the worldlings, who brushed by him, and who, bent on love of gain, scarcely were aware that their fellow-man was starving by their side, too feeble and too much an outcast to work, yet too proud to beg; the middy's heart, however, was of that texture that it leant towards a brother-sailor, meet him where it might, and he naturally looked round at poor Jack on his beam-ends: he had but one penny in his pocket, and that the plaintive voice of a blind woman had drawn, as if by magic, from its deep recess. What was to be done?—for he should have liked to have taken this wreck of a man of war into tow. The reflection caused him to examine more closely the shivering seaman, when a small scar, occasioned by a splinter, on the bridge of the nose, brought to his remembrance Bob Clewlins, who had served in the same ship: the tar recognised him also; but, so far from making himself known to him, he hid his face in his hand: the reefer, however, was resolved to bring him to. "What, Bob Clewlins!" cried he, "do I not hail an old shipmate in you, a quarter-master on board the ——, the bravest heart of oak, the best reefer, and the merriest steersman of the whole ship's crew; and," said he audibly, that every one passing might hear and value fallen courage and fidelity, "and as prime a seaman as ever trimmed a sail or served a gun; why, what has broke up your old bulk this way?" The man could not find utterance; remembrance of unrequited services and other associations checked him. The middy stretched out his hand, which the broken-hearted sailor ventured not to take. "Come, Bob," cried the other, "no subordination now: we are all equals on life's quarter deck, and when my fellow-man suffers, he rises a peg in my estimation. Why?—because unfeeling lubbers slight him. Come, tip us your fin. Your hand may be

dirty, but your soul is as kind as a new sail in a sunny day. I'll show it against any lord's in the land. Come, heave a head; follow me, old tarry breeches; I'll soon set your timbers and rigging to rights; you shall have an entire refit. Come, bear a hand; set all your canvass; it's all in ribbons, I see, and shivers in the wind; but I'll keep out wind and weather for you."

Thus saying, he walked proudly, with the poor tar astern of him, until he came to a slop-shop, near Wellclose square: it was a Jew's. "Here, Moses," quoth the middy, who detected the Israelite bending looks of disdain and mistrust on the poor man, as if he considered the contents of his shop in danger: "come, Moses, a regular built outrig for this gentleman," laying great stress on the word gentleman. This was pitching it strong, but his heart was carrying royals, sky-scrappers, moon-rakers, and his pulse was sailing at the rate of ten knots an hour at least; so elate was he to serve a brave man in distress, and above all, a son of the ocean; "come, let us have every thing good, and spic and span new."—"Pray, Shair, who's to pay?"—"Myself."—"O, your honour, that's right." The poor man retired to a back-room, and stepped forward clad from head to foot, and with two changes of linen and a pair of shoes (by the midshipman's order) tied up in a pocket-handkerchief under his arm. BOB CLEWLINS looked with a blush on his old clothes, and at this moment an almost naked boy passed by: the midshipman duly appreciated and truly interpreted one look of the tar. "Bob, I say, heave that overboard, and let the poor boy pick it up; one good turn deserves another." The payment was the next. "Three pounds fifteen—Is that the lowest?"—"O, yesh: I don't gain five shillings by the whole deal."—"Well, then, do you take the case of my gold watch, and weigh it, and give me the produce of it?"—"Let ush see: it's very pretty, but not very heavy; it's all fashion you see:

indeed, it's a great pity to part the watch and the caish ; watches are a drug now, or else I'd buy it ; but just to oblige you, I'll see what I can give."—"Don't trouble yourself, Mosey ; just do as you are bid : you take the outside case, and I'll keep the watch."—"I shall lend you four pounds upon it," resumed the Israelite ; "and you may depend upon my honour to return it to you, when you bringh me de monish."—"No, you won't, Mosey ; you'll do just what I bid you."—"It will spoil the watch."—"Not a bit ; she must work without her *jacket*, as my friend has often done in all weathers. I shall sell the outside case to serve a shipmate in distress ; but the watch was left me by a dear friend, so I shall keep her : a metal case will do as well for a little time, and when fortune's breeze springs up again, *the case will be altered*."—"Vel, shair, you shall be obeyed : five pounds, five shillings is just the price of the weight ; there's the money."—"Good morning, Master Moses ; but do you, Clewlines, set sail again ; I want to

get you into port : it is only what I owe you. Were you not the kindest creature to me in the world when I was confined to my birth with the yellow fever, and not expected to live a day ? Come, come, you must take your cargo in ; you must be victualled as well as refitted. I have got a chalk at a house near this, another shipmate who is set up in business in a public line : call for what you want, and here's the loose change to keep your pocket until something turns up." Poor Bob got a good dinner, a good bed, and a snug hammock, that night ; and shortly afterwards he obtained a birth in an Indiaman, and is now doing well. The royal reefers's heart bounded with joy at performing this noble action, to recover which he put himself for a month on short allowance. But this is only one of many such traits in the character of this heart of oak, whose name the writer could scarcely venture to state, but who will here remember this scene.

HARRY HATCHWAY.

VARIETIES.

ROUSE NOT A SLEEPING WEAVER.

IT is by no means rare, even now-a-days, to hear a worthy but eccentric divine rouse some heavy and overladen *hearer* from a comfortable nap, by thundering out awful and soul-harrowing threatenings of the punishments in store for the careless sinner, who sacrilegiously allows himself to sink under the influence of the leaden god. In this country, such terrible denunciations are invariably received with a humble acquiescence, the startled culprit gaping at his offended pastor with a ludicrously stolid and demi-somnolent stare. In this respect John Bull is a better boy than his brother Sweeney, who is always determined, mangle time or place, to have the last word of *flytis*, if he possibly can. A memorable instance of the truth of

the latter assertion occurred, not many years ago, in a certain town in the bonny shire of Ayr. An honest weaver, who occupied a most *ke-spckle bottom room* in the front *laft*, had long been obnoxious to the congregation, as an habitual worshipper of Morpheus. He generally contrived to keep himself awake until the text was announced ; when, as if he could dream the rest, down he sunk, as fast as a nail in the Tolbooth door. This at length became most intolerably annoying ; for what was pleasurable repose to him, was none to the congregation, since his oblivious state was forcibly indicated by a variety of melodious notes, somewhat less loud than those of an enraged bull. Such conduct, besides setting a grievous example to others, seemed to evince an absolute cor-

tempt for religious ordinances. The minister sent two elders to remonstrate with the slumbering sinner on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I canna help it, sirs," said John; "I'm a hard-working man a' the week, but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and our minister weel, unless ye ca' the head off me, I canna keep me een open." "Weel, then, John, if ye will allow Satan to exercise his power over you in this dovering dwamming way in the very kirk itsell, what gars you sit in the front laft, where a' body amast sees you? Can you no tak a back seat, and there your sin will be less seen and heard?" "Tak a back seat?" said John; "na, na, I'll never quat my cozie corner;—my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father, a' sat there, and there sit will John, come o't what will!" The elders, with heavy hearts, returned to the minister, and reported the stubborn, truculent, and unchristian-like behaviour of the incorrigibly drowsy wabster. "Let him alone," replied the worthy man; "I think the best way to cure him of his sinful malady, is to affront him—he is a poor, but proud creature; I'll rebuke him before the whole congregation." Next Sabbath forenoon, the text was hardly given out, when, as usual, down sinks John, and begins to serenade his neighbours with, if possible, more than his accustomed *berri*s. "Sit up, John Thomson!" cried the minister, with a loud and ear-splitting voice. "I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John. "O John, John, can you tell what I said last?" "Ou, ay, sir; ye said, *Sit up, John Thomson!*"

JOHN KEMBLE.

Though every one knows how strictly John Kemble observed, what he conceived to be the *rhythm* of his favourite author—as in the case of pronouncing *aitches for aches*—few know that he adhered as scrupulously to Shakspeare's text, which he would not allow, by any accident, to be violated, even when he himself

was not only innocent, but could not be considered as even accessory to the fact. In 1817, the last season that Kemble appeared on the stage, the great actor played on one occasion *Brutus*. In the second act of *Julius Caesar*, Cassius, as all our readers remember, says—

"The clock hath stricken three."

By some accident the stage clock struck *four*; upon which one of the gods cried out, "You lie, it has struck *four*;" whereupon Kemble, jealous of the right reading of Shakspeare, and resenting even this accidental falsification of the text, came forward and repeated, in confirmation of the former speaker—

"The clock hath stricken *three*."

turning his eyes, at the same time, with an air of the supremest scorn, to the gallery.

TO PREVENT SNOW-WATER PENETRATING BOOTS AND SHOES.

Take equal quantities of bees wax and mutton suet, and melt them together in an earthen pipkin over a slow fire. Lay the mixture, while hot, over the boots and shoes, which ought to be warm also; let them stand before the fire a short time for it to soak in, and then put them away until they are quite cold. When they are so, rub them dry with a piece of flannel, in order that you may not grease your blacking brushes. If you black them well before the mixture is put on, you will find them take the blacking much better afterwards.

PREPARATION OF BLACKING.

Take of plaster ground and sifted 2lbs. 4oz., lamp-black about 9oz., barley malt, as used by brewers, 18oz., olive oil 1oz.; steep the malt in water almost boiling hot until the soluble portions are well extracted; put the solution into a basin, stir it into the plaster and lampblack, and evaporate to the consistency of paste; then add the oil, the quantity of which may be increased by degrees. To the mixture may be added, if desired,

a few drops of the oil of lemons, or of lavender as a perfume. If ground plaster be not attainable, its place may be supplied with potter's clay. This, which is the composition of a French chemist, M. Braconnot, is undoubtedly the cheapest and finest blacking; it spreads evenly, dries and shines quickly on the leather by a slight friction of the brush, and has not the objection of burning the leather.

A DOCILE PIG.

In the new pantomime at Drury-lane, the audience is much amused by a very small black pig, who, left on the stage by itself, leaps upon a chair, thence to a table, and quietly deposits itself in a tureen. On the second night, in attempting the leap from the chair to the table, it slipped, and fell to the ground; on which, with a degree of gravity that would have done honour to a philosopher, it remounted the chair a second time, and a second time missed gaining the table. No way dismayed, the persevering squeaker essayed a third time, and that with an evident increase of care and deliberation, and succeeded. This was at once the most curious and moral part of the performance, being an illustration of the benefits of perseverance in an animal not much larger than a guinea-pig, and of a kind usually considered of a very unteachable disposition.

LONGEVITY.

There is now in Paris a female, named Elizabeth Thomas Cordieux, a native of Savoy, who was born on the 6th December, 1714, and who is, in all probability, the French say, the *doysne* (the senior) of the human race. Her face is not more wrinkled than that of a female of half her age—her sight is good, her appetite excellent, and she can walk ten miles a-day without exhibiting fatigue; she does not make use of a stick to support herself, and it is really true that she has trudged all the way, on foot, from her native mountains to the metropolis of France. She passed

through Lyons and Dijon, where she attended the theatres at the desire of the managers, who made her a liberal compensation for the benefit they obtained from her presence, people coming from all parts to behold the senior of the human race.

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Some years ago, a gentleman in Lanarkshire built a new mansion in a field of about one hundred and thirty acres, in which there was not a single tree. In two seasons he transplanted five hundred trees, many with their tops whole, and not less than fifty feet high. As there were not twenty of them that misgave, a complete lawn of large timber trees was formed in two years. Many nobleman who visited the place, were highly delighted with seeing a beautiful grove flourishing on a spot which had so lately been a barren waste.

BEAUTIFUL PEARL.

Dr. Fischer, President of the Medical Academy at Moscow, has, in his work upon the pearl fisheries of Russia, described a pearl, now at Moscow, the property of a Greek merchant named Zosima, which perhaps has not its equal in the world. It was not, however, the produce of that country, but said to have been brought from the East Indies. This inestimable pearl, which is preserved in a triple box, inlaid with precious stones, faced with a convex lens, intended to increase still farther its apparent magnitude, weighs no less than 27 carats and 7-8ths, or nearly a quarter of an ounce; it is perfectly spherical; its colour exceeds the metallic splendour of highly-polished silver, but at the same time possesses the most transparent brightness. When separated from its covering, and placed on a sheet of white paper, it rolls upon the surface like a ball of quicksilver. Dr. Fischer bears testimony of the admiration—nay, astonishment, with which it is viewed by all strangers.

